

BACONIANA

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COMMENTS

EARLY in August, an American visitor, Dr. Giles E. Dawson, of the Folger Shakespeare Library, Washington, D.C., gave a broadcast on the B.B.C. Third Programme entitled "Who Wrote Shakespeare?" As his talk, widely circulated, is strongly criticised on facts by two separate authors in this issue, there is no need to discuss the theme of the speaker here. It will suffice to say that it was regarded as superficial, prejudiced, and consequently so misleading that it was decided by the Council of the Francis Bacon Society to make application to the B.B.C. for a date in which to present the other side of the case. We had further justification in that the speaker accused the Baconians of "erecting a complex fabric of mystery, secrecy, and intrigue." The editor was accordingly instructed to request the B.B.C. for a date.

It was refused—as expected. The correspondence which is given as of interest relating to B.B.C. directorial mentality is self-explanatory. Attention, however, may be drawn to the B.B.C. letter of 22nd Sept. (No. 4), in which, after declining to give the President of the Society an opportunity of meeting Dr. Dawson on the same ground, the writer claims that "although every effort is made by the B.B.C. to hold the balance fairly in controversial matters an impossible position would arise if every talk generated an automatic reply." That may be so, but Dr. Dawson's talk was obviously of an acute controversial nature as its very title indicated—"Who Wrote Shakespeare?" It implied that there were two sides to the question as even the B.B.C. authorities must know well. Our Society is no spurious or new-fangled organisation and it includes past and present Litterateurs of distinction. To refuse us a hearing and then to continue, as the writer does, by saying "we are always eager to consider proposals for talks" reeks of hypocrisy. As regards what we can prove—as Dr. Dawson did not—we can produce evidence of which doubtless the Great Panjandrums of Broadcasting House have never heard, although we do not trot out new evidence to order as the Stratfordians are able to do, because they fictionise and fabricate it. Here follows the correspondence. (*see page 183*).

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Notice to Contributors.—The Editor is always pleased to consider articles for publication on subjects of interest to readers of the Magazine. Such should be addressed to the care of the Office, 50a, Old Brompton Road, London, S.W.7, with a stamped addressed envelope for return if unsuitable.

No. 1.

"Set Thorns," Sway, Hants.
30th August, 1950.

The Director, Programme Three, B.B.C., London, W.1.

Dear Sir,

Recently you allotted some of your space to Dr. Giles E. Dawson, who spoke on the theme "Who Wrote Shakespeare?" In it he slandered this Society by stating that "this has forced upon the Baconians and other anti-Shakespeareans the necessity of erecting a complex fabric of mystery, secrecy, and intrigue." Whatever Dr. Dawson might see fit to allege against other anti-Shakespearean Societies is his own affair but we indignantly deny the truth of his assertion that the Francis Bacon Society has erected any complex fabric of mystery, secrecy or intrigue.

This Society, which is in its 65th year, and has been supported in its claim by many famous scholars and thinkers of the present century, has a right to resent this infamous attack on a long-established Society which numbers many well-known persons to-day. As regards Dr. Dawson he was either entirely ignorant of our case or deliberately offensive. Our own case in a nutshell is that Shakespeare of Stratford was an uneducated and ignorant man, who could not even sign his name, and who made no pretence to be the poet and playwright; and that he could have no knowledge of the classics, so intimately proved throughout the Shakespeare Plays, which demanded a knowledge of Greek, Hebrew, Latin, French and Italian at least. Also that the true reason why Bacon used many pseudonyms, as has been proved, was because of his royal birth. He was, as proved in many ways, apart from his own ciphers, the legitimate son of Queen Elizabeth, but was forbidden to acknowledge the fact.

My motive in writing to you is to request that you will see your way to permit one of our Society, preferably our President, to give a talk as you gave to Dr. Dawson, putting forward our case. It will be a most interesting one I assure you. We shall be happy to forward you our proposed script for consideration if you are prepared to treat us fairly over this matter.

Awaiting your reply at your convenience,

Yours faithfully,

COMYNS BEAUMONT.

No. 2.

The British Broadcasting Corporation.
5th September, 1950.

C. Beaumont, Esq., The Francis Bacon Society.

Dear Sir,

Thank you for your letter of 30th August.

Your suggestion is being brought to the notice of those directly concerned and if they wish to avail themselves of your kind offer of assistance they will get into touch with you direct.

Yours faithfully,

KATHLEEN HAACKE,

Secretariat.

No. 3.

50A, Old Brompton Road,
London, S.W.7.

15th September, 1950.

The Director, B.B.C. Secretariat, Broadcasting House, London, W.1.

Dear Sir,

"Who Wrote Shakespeare?"

I wrote to you on 30th of August, requesting you, in view of the one-sided address on the above subject, and its unfair and ignorant remarks about this Society, to give us an opportunity of giving an intelligent explanation why so many educated people are to-day convinced Baconians

I received a purely non-committal reply signed "Kathleen Haacke," that our suggestion was being brought to the notice of those directly concerned and "if they wish" to avail themselves of the offer they would get into touch with me direct. This letter was dated 5th of Sept., ten days ago but I have heard no more. Presumably I must draw the conclusion that in your case silence means dissent.

I am sorry as accordingly in our organ "Baconiana," it will compel me to make a strong criticism, not only of the talk by Dr. Dawson, of the U.S. Folger Library, but of the one-sided attitude of the B.B.C. which to-day is criticised in many directions. You pretend to be broad-minded and independent in educative matters but it makes one think.

Yours faithfully,

COMYNS BEAUMONT,
Editor of *Baconiana*.

No. 4.

The British Broadcasting Corporation

22nd September, 1950.

Comyns Beaumont Esq., The Francis Bacon Society.

Dear Sir,

Thank you for your letter of 15th September concerning your request for space to answer a talk recently given by Dr. Giles Dawson in the Third Programme "The Case for Shakespeare."

The reply which I sent to you on 5th September was not a mere form of words. Your proposal was given the most serious consideration and we should certainly have written again had it been felt that further discussion on the subject would be profitable. The talk by Dr. Dawson was printed in *The Listener* where it was subjected to a certain amount of criticism in the correspondence columns. The Editor of "*The Listener*" would no doubt have been glad to have your views. I feel sure you will understand however, that although every effort is made by the BBC to hold the balance fairly in controversial matters an impossible position would arise if every talk generated an automatic reply. Even so we are always eager to consider proposals for talks and if there has been any recent discovery of documentary evidence which proves that Bacon was the author of Shakespeare's plays, as distinct from the evidence you and your colleagues have already published, we shall be glad to hear about it.

Yours faithfully,

KATHLEEN HAACKE,

Secretariat.

No. 5

50A, Old Brompton Road,
London, S.W. 7.
27th September, 1950.

Miss Kathleen Haacke,
Secretariat,
British Broadcasting Corporation, London, W. 1.

Dear Madam,

I must express some surprise at the remarks made in your letter of 22nd inst., in response to my former request that the B.B.C. should give our Society, as representative of the Baconian case, respecting the authorship of the Shakespearean Plays, an opportunity of stating our case in view of the misleading assertions made by the American, Dr. Giles E. Dawson, in the broadcast he was allowed to give in August last.

My request was based on the fact, as stated in my earlier letter of August 30, that Dr. Dawson had attacked the Baconian claim and this Society of using a "complex fabric of mystery, secrecy and intrigue", an accusation based either on complete ignorance of our cause or deliberately misleading.

You now inform me that, after "serious consideration" it was felt that "further discussion would not be profitable" in the opinion of the B.B.C. officials concerned. In other words, you are only interested in presenting one side of the case, and yet you claim in your said letter that, "every effort is made by the B.B.C. to hold the balance fairly in controversial matters." There are tens of thousands to-day who ridicule the constant official bolstering up of the Stratfordian Shaksper and the false claims made regarding his authorship of the Plays, a man who could not even sign his name! In giving one-sided publicity to the talk of Dr. Dawson you undermine faith in your own knowledge—a Baconian broadcast would be of great interest.

I must reluctantly conclude that the B.B.C. Directors have acted in a prejudiced and one-sided manner, and have lent what is a national institution, to mislead the public and uphold ignorance and falsehood.

In the circumstances we propose to publish this correspondence in the forthcoming issue of "Baconiana."

Yours faithfully,

COMYNS BEAUMONT,

Editor—*Baconiana*.

* * *

I would draw our readers' special attention to the carefully compiled and thoughtful article by Mr. R. J. A. Bunnnett, entitled, "The Supernal Patriot". It is well that the world should be reminded of the undying patriotism which inspired Bacon's whole being, pulsated through his veins and emerged in most brilliant passages in his own admitted writings and in the Shakespeare Plays. In these times when we behold with alarm so many men, yes, and women too, who stop at nothing they can contrive to undermine patriotism with the object of overthrowing the State, the thought occurs, how Britain needs a Francis Bacon with his inspiring genius in our midst. Few amongst us perhaps appreciate to what heights he rose by his deliberate downfall inspired solely by patriotism whereby his memory has been maligned by lesser men like Macaulay,

who were quite incapable of appreciating a lofty patriotism that rose indifferent to self.

Truly, to many of us to-day, the type of patriotism in the form of devotion to the Crown, as Bacon revealed throughout this own life, may seem almost eccentric, especially since those among us who regard him as having been the legitimate successor of Elizabeth and who knew perfectly well that James Stuart was an usurper, as the King himself also was aware, yet sacrificed himself for his King. But he had been crowned King, and the King could do no wrong, and Bacon elevated him by reason of his office into a semi-deity. "A King is a mortal God of earth" he writes in his *Essay of a King*, "unto whom the living God hath lent his own name as a great honour". Again, he says, "To resist God's representative is like making war on God himself" (*Antitheta*), while, in a letter to James he terms him, God's "lieutenant on earth". In Richard II, Act 1, he wrote "And shall the figure of God's majesty be judged by subject?" Little wonder that James and his notorious favourite Buckingham knew that however low they might descend Bacon was bound to stand by his Sovereign. When the malicious Coke and his gang of conspirators laid their wretched plot to overthrow him, the charges were so flimsy that he treated them with disdain and wrote out his defence. Yet, immediately James personally called upon him not to defend the accusation, he unhesitatingly let judgment go by default, resignedly facing dishonour, ruin, and being imprisoned in the Tower.

Yet, consider the alternative. Had he defended himself the outcome may have led to civil war. Parliament was utterly opposed to James, with his extravagance and his sycophantic followers. It followed in the next reign instead. Parliamentarians had the utmost faith in the integrity and leadership of Bacon even though he had removed to the House of Lords. Buckingham, in the meantime, had sold the reversion of Bacon's office, the Lord Chancellorship for £50,000, money he badly needed, and James also. The Crown saved its downfall owing to the super-patriotism of Francis Bacon. Mr. Bunnett takes us to this point in the article of which the rest will follow in our next, Alfred Dodd, in his 2nd volume of the *Personal Life Story*, which I had the privilege of reading in manuscript form, enters into the closest details of this for so long mysterious downfall.

* * *

A lively member of the Society who lives in New York has contributed an article in this number which scoffs openly at the lack of knowledge of supposedly Shakespearean authorities on his side of the Ocean, who are armed with imposing literary degrees of "Doctor" or "Professor". Their apparent limitations on the subject whereby they shew themselves hopelessly ignorant of the Baconian claims or of deliberately suppressing anything which might cut across their field, seem to reveal that the Americans are being nourished with very artificial mental food and must be getting prone to indigestion from it. This same imposition of an entirely false Shakespeare appears

from the success attendant on some recent books published on the other side and recklessly supported by organs of the American press. For example, Miss Marchette Chute's *Shakespeare of London*, highly praised, is based on almost pure assumptions and imagination from cover to cover. There is evidently money to be made by those who fictionise Will Shakspeare—his correct name as shewn in our Correspondence columns—and if an author can get away with an entirely imaginary hero and thereby pocket handsome royalties, that is his or her business. Those who place themselves on a pedestal as "professors" have a certain responsibility as to accuracy and facts.

* * *

How many among them may be aware of the action which the late Col. G. Fabyan brought against a film producer in the United States back in 1916? Col. Fabyan was a prominent Baconian in the U.S.A., and for long employed Mrs. Gallup and her sister to work on the Biliteral Cipher. His opposite number in France was Gen. Cartier, the former Chief of Ciphery in the French Army, who, in his work *Un Probleme de Cryptographie d'Histoire*, made considerable use of the material supplied him by Col. Fabyan, which he considered was absolutely proven. In New York, a William N. Selig, a film magnate, sought an injunction to restrain the Colonel from publishing the facts which he possessed, shewing that Bacon, and not Shakspeare, wrote the plays. The case was heard by Judge Tuthill, who after weighing up all the evidence produced, issued his judgment:

"The Court further finds that the claim of the friends of Francis Bacon that he is the author of the said works of Shakespeare, with the facts and circumstances in the real bibliography of the controversy over the question of authority and the proofs submitted herein, convinced the Court that Francis Bacon is the author."

Thereupon, not only was Mr. Selig non-suited, but Col. Fabyan was awarded \$5,000 damages. A few of the Professors might reflect on that fact! Incidentally, while on the subject I may mention that the Society has recently purchased from the *Mercur de France*, publishers of Gen. Cartier's work (330 pp. paper cover, 1938), the remaining few volumes of this useful and interesting work, which can be obtained from the Office of the Society (Mrs. Duke) at the price of 6s. post free. Written partly in French, with long extracts from Mrs. Gallup in English, it is well worth acquiring as the work of a leading Cipherist. It is a case of now or never!

* * *

Did Francis Bacon die in 1626? The question has often been asked but the article by M. Pierre Henrion, entitled "Bacon, Selenus, and Shakespeare" in our last issue, in the opinion of the author raises it afresh, for he has reason to believe that the *Cryptographie* of Gustavus Selenus, (itself a fabricated name), although it bore the date mark of 1624, was published far later. That the frontispiece portrait was a fabrication may be considered certain, but if the work was itself written or edited by Francis Bacon, as indicated in many

cryptographic ways, who then was the mysterious Abbot Trithemius who appears on the title-page? Apart from the series of remarkable omissions relating to the Bacon's supposed death in April 1626, which was only first mentioned by Dr. William Rawley in 1657, thirty-one years later, in the interval never a single line of biography was written in England, but one significant work five years after his supposed death was produced in Paris. This also reeks of mystery.

* * *

I allude of course to the *Histoire Naturelle de M. Francois Bacon*, by an unknown author who styles himself Pierre Amboise. It was not an exact translation of Bacon's *Sylva Sylvarum*, but partly original. The writer claimed that he had been "aided for the most part by the manuscripts of the author", and admitted that the reader "will encounter in my translation many things that they did not find in the original". The first edition of the *Sylva*, be it remembered, including the *New Atlantis*, a "work unfinished", was published in 1626, "after the author's death" by Dr. Rawley. "Amboise" must have had access to documents or information of a very private nature. He refers to a letter, written by Bacon to King James, which was certainly private in 1631 and was not published until 1702. In his Address to the Reader, Amboise says that he deemed it necessary to "add or take from many of the things omitted or augmented by the Chaplain of M. Bacon, after the death of his Master." How did he know of such matters? Among those he augmented was mention of how Bacon in his youth polished his mind and moulded his opinion by intercourse with all sorts of foreigners, and includes in his purview France, Italy, and Spain. Then he adds the words: "And as he saw himself destined one day to hold in his hands the helm of the Kingdom, he judiciously observed the laws and customs of the countries through which he passed" so as to "help to make a man able for the governance of men". What did he intend by the words "destined" in the future to rule the Kingdom unless it referred to his claim to the Throne? It could not have related to his position of Lord Chancellor for in 1631 he was supposedly dead and buried. The only satisfactory answer is that Francis was legitimately King of England, and that he was actually alive in 1631. Either the work was written by him or with his authority it would seem. The year 1657, when Rawley wrote his biography, may indicate the real year of his demise.

* * *

I regret that space prevents allusion to certain other subjects of passing interest but will our readers at home and abroad permit me to make an appeal. Our Society needs all the assistance it can obtain if it is to continue the struggle against immense financial resources, misrepresentation, and prejudice. We ask for your active enthusiasm and help to fight our Cause triumphantly. Can you assist? Directly or indirectly every one of you can so do. Please think this over at your leisure.

EDITOR

FRANCIS BACON—THE SUPERNAL PATRIOT

BY R. J. A. BUNNETT, F.S.A.

"Believing that I was born for the service of mankind . . . I set myself to consider in what way mankind might be best served . . . I thought that a man's own country had some special claims upon him more than the rest of the world."
(Bacon in the *Great Instauration*).

PATRIOTISM,—love of one's country—was a scarcely developed virtue until Tudor times, and even then was largely expressed by devotion to the person of the monarch, who was regarded as the embodiment of the State. I am going to place before my readers reasons for the claim that Francis Bacon was England's Supernal Patriot in deeds as well as words.

He well comprehended the "divinity that doth hedge a king," and in his Essay 'Of a King', remarked—"A King is a mortal God on earth unto whom the living God hath lent his own name as a great honour." "Allegiance", he declared, "cannot be applied to the law or kingdom, but also to the person of the king," and he envisaged an untrammelled monarchy superior to Law and Parliament alike.

The hyperbolical language of the Preface to the A.V. of the Bible—doubtless the work of Bacon—is no mere sycophancy, but a genuine reverential approach to the sacred person of the king. Yet, withal, Bacon was a sound Parliamentarian. He regarded Parliament as a necessity; and repeatedly complains of the custom of treating that Institution like a mere shop, a place for getting money out of the nation, instead of as a great deliberative assembly, wherein the Crown should propound measures for the good of the realm, and should receive the spontaneous contributions of the nation for the national service. Over-taxation he regarded with alarm; during the last twelve years of Elizabeth's reign taxation nearly quadrupled the average figure for the whole, and the House of Commons had begun to assume an initiative of its own; but so long as Elizabeth was alive the personal factor postponed that inevitable clash between Crown and Parliament, which would be so subversive to the orderly and harmonious development of the nation for which Bacon so devoutly strove. There was a strong sense of relief at the peaceful continuity of things on the accession of James I, to whom Bacon was ever ready to give wise counsels of toleration, not, however, always regarded.

Elizabeth was a mistress of economy, and being widely popular, Parliament generally granted her what she asked. James, garrulous and self-opinionated, was prodigal by nature, and a host of needy followers took care that this proclivity was not discouraged. Moreover, he was not in sympathy with his subjects; a man of peace, he waged no popular wars; he touched no poet's imagination. Hence

all the more Bacon felt James needed every support he could afford his Majesty.

In his love for his native land, Bacon early recognized the perils attendant upon religious bitterness, and about 1589 wrote "An Advertisement touching the Controversies of the Church of England", an attempt to throw oil on troubled waters, and in later years in a second tract he attacked, *inter alia*, non-residence and pluralism. In his Essay of "Unity in Religion", he calls religion, "the chief band of human society", and he wrote, "it is a happy thing, when itself is well contained within the true band of unity"; and in the Essay "Of Seditions", Bacon names religion as the chief of the four Pillars of Government (religion, justice, counsel and treasure).

In his "Certain Observations Upon a Libel", Bacon declared that "Consciences are not to be forced, but to be won and reduced by the force of truth, by the aid of time, and the use of all good means of instruction or persuasion." In those days many churches were closed, and there were hundreds of parishes without incumbents; windows were broken, doors unhinged, walls in decay, and the very roofs stripped of their lead.

Bacon's earliest political efforts, at the beginning of James's reign, were attempts to bring his Majesty and the Commons together, for the hostile forces were yearly approaching nearer to the throne. The "Prerogative", shadowing so many aspects of national life was still a tremendous thing. Charles Williams in his "*Bacon*", calls it "the Monarch in action", which he says "was the proper concern of Bacon's political thought, as mankind in action was of his moral, as nature in action was of his contemplative, as the word in action was of his creative, and himself in action of his personal. The five movements march and counter-march through all his affairs."

Though he wrote in his Essay "Of Empire", "For their commons there is little danger from them, except it be where they have great and potent heads; or where you meddle with the point of religion, or their customs, or means of life", the one thing Bacon dreaded was mob-rule. He could clearly see what irreparable damage and chaos would ensue from the unleashed fury of the crowd, the "vulgar sort"; the "monster with many heads"; the ignorant and rude multitude. We can understand why Shakespeare's crowds are so futile and so unlovely.

Such an unchecked uprising would wipe out all the elaborate plans Bacon had prepared to advance the good and profit of mankind. In his "Novum Organum" he wrote, "I bear myself soberly and profitably, sowing in the meantime for future ages the seeds of a purer truth." With all the growing refinements and luxury of living in upper circles in Tudor times, there was a potent undercurrent of semi-barbarism among the common folk. Though Bacon possessed a mildness, which Spedding says, "was the effect of the sweetness, thoughtfulness, nobleness and modesty of his nature", he had perhaps one blind spot, a lack of sympathy for the popular mind. "I do not love", he said, "the word people." In the fullness of his gigantic

powers of intellect he rather despised the opinions and judgement of average men. The whole argument of "Coriolanus" is the unfitness of a mob to govern the state, and the play would seem to have been written against that movement towards popular government, which was to culminate in the Civil War.

The divine right of Kings was fundamental to Bacon. This admitted of no question, no compromise. He knew that Civil Wars were the results of "griefs and discontentments," "Envy" (i.e. discontentment) he wrote in his Essay, "Of Envy", "is a disease in a state like to infection."

Early he warned Members of Parliament of discontentment caused by excessive taxation of "the general commonalty", and resultant danger to the Queen; and in April 1604 he was requested by the Commons to petition King James concerning the "great grievance of the common people." He had defended the king's right of imposition; but such was the confidence Parliament placed in him that he was chosen to approach his Majesty on the question.

"The lasting fruit of Parliament", he remarked in his "History of Henry VII," "is good and wholesome laws"; it was its duty to "purge out multiplicity of laws, clear the incertainty of them, repeal those that are snaring, and press the execution of those that are wholesome and necessary."

The interests of king and country must be paramount, for "when discords, and quarrels, and factions are carried openly and audaciously it is a sign the reverence of government is lost." (Essay "Of Seditions.") In the same Essay Bacon declared that the first remedy, or prevention was to remove "by all means possible that material cause of sedition" which he said was want and poverty in the state. How true his outlook! How it tallies with present conditions!

His detractors often have accused him of unquenchable ambition, stating this to be the mainspring of his life; but it is difficult to see why a desire for high office should be regarded as detrimental to any man, particularly as in Bacon's case, he knew he possessed powers of intellect far transcending any of his contemporaries, and which in any subordinate position could not be employed to the full for the benefit of England, and for mankind in general, which rather than mere ambition, were his main incentives. "He that seeketh to be eminent amongst able men, hath a great task, but that is ever good for the public." (Essay—Of Ambition).

"The rising into place is laborious", he said in his Essay, *Of Great Place*, "and by pains men come to greater pains." "All rising to great place is by a winding stair; and if there be factions, it is good to side a man's self whilst he is in the rising, and to balance himself when he is placed."

Bacon is often held up to obloquy for his apparent subservience to and flattery of Buckingham, but the Duke during the latter years of James's reign, practically ruled the kingdom, and Bacon was well aware that the King would be completely unapproachable except through his favourite, and would sanction nothing except with

Buckingham's acquiescence and counsel. He knew George Villiers to be a gifted youth, with high courage, excellent brains, and a gentle and gracious manner.

In his letter of Advice to the Duke, Bacon speaks as an elderly mentor counselling a young man—"Remember well", he wrote, "the great trust you have undertaken, you are as a continual Centinel, always to stand upon your watch to give him (the king) true intelligence. If you flatter him, you betray him, if you conceal the truth of those things from him which concern his justice or his honour....you are as dangerous a traitor to his state, as he that riseth in arms against him. A false friend is more dangerous than an open enemy."

But Bacon could be humble; underneath his ambition and his love of ostentation—a heritage from his Tudor ancestry—was a fundamental humility of soul—in that striking Prayer of his (wherein he used the cryptic phrase, "I have, though in a despised weed, procured the good of all men") he pleaded—"As thy favours have increased upon me, so have thy corrections.....and ever as my worldly blessings were exalted, so secret darts from thee have pierced me; and when I have ascended before men, I have descended in humiliation before thee."

Alexander Pope was quite right when he described Bacon as the "wisest, brightest, meanest" (i.e. humblest) of mankind. How otherwise could meanness, in the conventional sense of the word, be associated with the other two qualities?

And when Robert Cecil, Earl of Salisbury, died in 1612—Bacon—who in 1607 had received the office of Solicitor-General and had next year been appointed to the Clerkship of the Star Chamber, wrote a letter to the King offering "a humble oblation" of himself for the Secretaryship of State—"My principal end" he said "being to do your Majesty service." "I know my own heart, and I know not whether God that hath touched my heart with the affection may not touch your royal heart to discern it." In this letter we see the writer's belief, not so much in himself, as in his vision of political concord—the one essential for the well-being of the State—he would make every effort to put his creed into action to preserve the Monarch and his Prerogative. In 1613 James made him Attorney General—Did he regard Bacon as too useful to him in the House of Commons to justify the granting of the higher office? Next year his Attorney-General strongly advised the King—as usual in sore straits for money—to assert his royalty, to allow no interveners on his behalf and not to be a mere suppliant to parliament for supplies, as the vital point was to retain the love and reverence of the House—but his counsel proved of no avail, and the rift gradually widened.

As is well known, James had an extreme dread of assassination, a horror of offensive weapons, and was determined to suppress duelling. In this he was vehemently supported by Bacon, who delivered in the Star Chamber a Charge—afterwards published—condemning the practice, declaring it to be, "no better than a sorcery that enchanteth the spirits of young men, that bear great minds, with a false show,

'species falsa', and a kind of satanical illusion and apparition of honour.'" The duel was an offence against the quiet orderliness of the State, and valuable lives he considered, must cease to be sacrificed to punctilios.

In 1616 the long-burning enmity between Bacon and Coke—then Chief Justice of the King's Bench—and who was actuated by motives of hostility to the preservation of the Royal Prerogative—came to a head. Bacon, who regarded Coke as one of the most dangerous enemies to the throne, again appeared as the King's champion against the innovators. Coke was determined to make the Prerogative subject to law, which in his eyes was the law prevailing in the particular Court over which he presided; moreover, as he interpreted it. It was a delicate but earnest struggle. Both the Crown and the Commons had experienced difficulties with the Judges—the former especially; and now there was trouble over a Crown appointment to the Court of Common Pleas; The Attorney-General argued that the Judges could not proceed, since the Crown was involved, till the permission of Chancery had been obtained. Even Coke admitted "it was a famous argument." And why was Chancery so important? "Your Majesty" said Bacon, "knoweth your Chancellor is ever a principal counsellor or instrument of Monarchy of immediate dependence upon the King."

Eventually a compromise was effected, and the crisis postponed; but only postponed. Chancery had been thwarted in its attempt to ensure control over all cases touching the King. Coke a little later proceeded to try and restrain it still farther in cases appertaining to other Courts. If Coke could prevent it, no human being should hereafter find any shelter from the provisions of the Common Law, but the Attorney-General and other lawyers called upon his Majesty to uphold the undoubted rights of Chancery. Was the monarch an active power in the law—could the Prerogative decide a question of law, and how far, and when?

The Attorney-General declared that the Judges, if summoned by the King, were bound to attend, hear him, counsel him, and in the meantime stay proceedings. The Chief Justice maintained that it was not the Attorney's place to dispute with the Judges, but only to plead before them. Sir Francis said that he had the right to declare the truth in the King's name against any subject. The Judges finally all agreed to meet the King's wishes, except Coke, who stated that when a case came on he would do what was fitting for a Judge, but refused to say what he thought this might prove to be. Coke was suspended from the Council, and presently the King removed him from his office, to his intense indignation.

On 7th March, 1616/17, Sir Francis Bacon was made Lord Keeper—thus President of the Council in the King's absence. On 7th May he took his seat with all due magnificence and ceremony in the Court of Chancery. The power and authority which he was conscious he could wield so effectively for the enhancement of the royal dignity and for the lasting benefit of his beloved England, were within his grasp, but he was already 56. Before a great assembly

he took his seat, and he spoke to them in sentences "full of his own graces," defining the duties of his high office. Doubtless his audience listened intently, having the one only fear, in the words of Ben Jonson, "lest he should make an end." In 1618 Bacon reached the height of his public ambition, and became Lord Chancellor, being raised to the nobility with the title of Baron Verulam. As Chancellor he stood next to the king in favour and honour, a king whom he loved and respected as King, whom, under God, he was ready to obey, for the Right Divine of Anointed Kings to rule, in which he wholeheartedly believed, compelled his loyalty.

Apart from the law cases with which he dealt so ably and so expeditiously, the Chancellor recommended Commissions for the encouragement of manufactures, for staying money within the realm; for provision of corn and grain, and the direction (if needful) of public granaries, for preventing the depopulation of towns and houses, for husbandry, for the recovery of drowned lands, etc. His active mind, thus still was ever alert in the best interests of the realm. He pressed economies on the Court, but not so strongly as to reduce the public glory of Majesty, and tried his utmost to obtain an adequate income for the Crown. "We find additionals still, but the consumption goeth on," he said. He drew up a set of Rules for the Star Chamber. He submitted papers, advising on foreign affairs, advocating a great navy, on the calling of Parliament, preparing Proclamations, planning the King's speech, and he delivered charges to lawyers on their promotion. His energetic temperament knew no respite. He hated superfluities.—"To use many circumstances are one come to the matter is wearisome." (Essay "Of Discourse").

Shortly after his appointment as Lord Chancellor we find him writing:—

"This day I have made even with the business of the Kingdom's Common justice; not one cause unheard; not one petition unanswered. And this I think could not be said in our age before. This I speak not out of ostentation but out of gladness when I have done my duty. I know men think I cannot continue if I should oppress myself with business; but that account is made. The duties of life are more than life, and if I die now I shall die before the world will be weary of me, which in our times is somewhat rare."

But though the world might not be weary of Francis Bacon, his enemies, with the vindictive Coke at their head, were cogitating how best they could bring about his fall and destruction. Coke had been given a seat on the Privy Council, and he and Bacon once again faced each other in the last round of the struggle for power and place.

In 1620 Bacon had published his "Novum Organum," and next year was promoted to the dignity of Viscount St. Alban. "The condition of men eminent for virtue" he wrote in the "De Augmentis" "is exceeding hard and miserable, because their errors, though ever so small, are not overlooked. But as in the fairest crystal every little grain or little cloud catches and displeases the eye, which in a duller stone would scarcely be noticed; so in men of eminent virtue,

their smallest faults (or defects) are readily seen, talked of, and severely censured." We remember Hamlet speaking of "men carrying the stamp of one defect." And all his hitherto unswerving toil and thought for the honour and dignity of the King, and the welfare and stability of the state, were entirely secondary to the final expression of his patriotism which Bacon was about to feel impelled to make. Surely no man in politics has ever made a finer sacrifice! The higher the office, the more pronounced the integrity of the victim, the greater the fall.

A scandal against the Lord Chancellor suited the book of so many. It would ruin the chief supporter of the King's Prerogative without directly attacking the King, it would ruin Bacon personally, and might diminish the power of the Court of Chancery which was still obnoxious to its legal rivals. The charges of accepting bribes were, as everyone knows, of the flimsiest character, so far as the Lord Chancellor himself was concerned. It was not enough, however, for him to be conscious of his own integrity, to thank God his ways were "sound and good"; it did not suffice as he wrote to Buckingham, "I know I have clean hands and a clean heart";—greatness *was* the Mark and accusation *was* the Game.

James was fully cognizant that the attack on Bacon, unless his enemies were sated for the time being by his destruction, was but a prelude to a concerted onslaught on Buckingham, who was hated by the entire nation, and then on the King himself. What right, people were asking, has the favourite to all those manors and titles that were showered upon him?

The Lord Chancellor was frankly bewildered—His letter to the King emphasizes his consternation—"And for the briberies and gifts" he wrote, "wherewith I am charged, when the book of hearts shall be opened. I hope I shall not be found to have the troubled fountain of a corrupt heart in a depraved habit of taking rewards to prevent justice."

On the King's personal demand, to save himself and his favourite, Bacon deliberately abandoned his defence and by so doing pleaded guilty, whereby this high-souled lover of England thus allowed himself to be sacrificed on the altar of his country's needs. As Alfred Dodd says in his "The Secret History of Francis Bacon," "He was the victim of a plot as diabolical as ever stained the pages of history.... His character and life place him with martyrs like Socrates." From Bacon's point of view the King, in his office as King, could do no wrong. Thus the 'golden tongue' was to remain silent! He was called upon to sacrifice honour, position and reputation to save the face of his King.

(To be concluded).

SYMBOLIC PORTRAITS WERE TUDOR SECRETS *REVEALED IN OLD PAINTINGS?*

BY JOHN CLENNELL

“THE walls give up our secrets.” So wrote Francis Bacon. He did not mean stone or brick walls, chimneys, caves or caverns, as has been suggested, but Paintings and Drawings hanging on walls, which were carried out in great secrecy by Artists and Craftsmen evidently under his personal direction.

Foremost among these were the brothers Paul and Bernard von Somer, Dutch painters, whose art is unique in conception, detail and execution, achieving the purpose of concealment during a dangerous period for all concerned, and it would appear as regards uniqueness for nearly three centuries.

Their technique needs to be understood. They combine fine work outwardly with secret pictures, designs, figures, lettering, monograms, produced in ingenious ways—a flick of the brush, a line or lines, high lights, shadows or shadings, blending, overlapping and interlacings. Drapery and dress folds used for messages. Some by reversing disclose quite different objects or pictures, faces and figures singly become several and even further detailed pictures. The set of an arm or hand may suggest a hidden meaning.

Symbolic pictures to represent personalities were adapted from the animal and bird kingdom.

James I for instance, is always portrayed as an ass or an ape, Francis Bacon, a pig, boar, bear, or some part of their anatomy; a lamb, lion or bear. Queen Elizabeth, a lion, cat or owl. The Earl of Leicester, a bear, comprehensible to the initiated.

The Editor of *BACONIANA* wrote regarding my Droeshout article in *BACONIANA* (No. 134) as “A somewhat new treatment of the subject”. This discovery gives scope for research for the Shakespeare-Baconian, the Royal Birth, and those who belong to the Fraternity which he founded and named the “Francis Bacon Fraternity”, or the Rosicrucians, now known in these days as Freemasonry.

This evidence will add much and confirm that which has already been revealed by earnest literary seekers for the truth during the last hundred years.

To commence this research a good start is the portrait painting of Francis Bacon as Lord Chancellor by Paul von Somer. The print loses much fine detail from the photograph, but here are some good examples of these hidden or concealed methods which should arouse interest and compel attention, and can be traced by reference to the Plan (A) giving numbers of the details described. (*see p. 202*)

First look for some unusual details or detail. Notice at the



Francis Bacon as Lord Chancellor. The well-known portrait by Paul von Somers. Mr. Clennell, in his accompanying article, claims

Another Puzzle Portrait by the Von Somers



Robert, Earl of Essex. Mr. Ciennen, in his article, claims that the above portrait contains many symbolic small designs.

(For details see page 201)

top left hand corner the drapery is turned to form an S shaped hook (1). From a drapery point of view this is quite wrong. We know that to make a hook the substance is "turned round". So we turn the picture round—upside down. By covering the right hand with a finger and placing another on the shoulder epaulette, the folds of the arm material become a dainty feminine leg protruding from a lace lingerie terminal—the foot is shod with a silken shoe. (2) This foot is pressing heavily upon a masculine hand. Look at his face (upside down) and notice that the left cheek takes the form of a leg, the calf being formed by the outline of the nose; a painted highlight near the tip forms the heel of the upper lip.

Turn to the drapery near the right side of the right hand. Here is shown a shadowy, ghostly face, with eyes closed of a bearded man (3) from whose mouth issues a dark stream, which broadens below to the head of another face.

This picture detail I claim discloses the Queen's (Bacon's Mother) suppression of his writings (foot on hand, her Royal Secret, foot on lip) under the peril which befell his brother Robert, Earl of Essex (the ghostly face) at the hand of the axeman of the Tower of London, the lower face.

Still upside down, turn to the left hand bottom corner (4), here is the profile of a laughing female face, head covered with a nun-like veil, the figure looking at a symbolic semi-draped figure of a woman whose outline portrays all the outward signs of maternity. There appear the ears, head and part of the body of a bear. The legs are astride a large volume. The volume may represent keeping her secret a closed book, or Bacon's writings. I suggest the rest depicts Queen Elizabeth with the deckings of virginity gazing at a figure symbolising her great secret HER MOTHERHOOD, that of Francis Bacon, Robert Essex, and perhaps another, with the figure of a bear representing Leicester. Now reverse the picture to normal, observe the strange and fantastic drapery in top right hand corner (5), the space which contains the figure now becomes the outlined head of an ass in profile with its two long ears, nose and face outlined in white. The drapery at throat, side and under nose forms the shape of a letter J. Two other attached portions of drapery form the letter K. The "Virgin's" face becomes masculine, with a pointed beard. Below the "K" curve is an open dark space which forms the figure 1; so from this we get James the first, as in other pictures elsewhere, portrayed as an Ass.

At the side of the figure 1 is a facial formation (6), which appears to be Robert Cecil, who, history tells, played the ignoble part of assisting the Queen in snatching the crown from the rightful heir and placing it upon another.

The left hand holds a white folded paper or note (7), the outer corner is pointing to a lettered word "TOP". This in conjunction with the C shaped ornament reads "NOTE TOP OF PAINTING". It also points to the Royal Coat of Arms, and another pointer which suggests turning the painting round.

The lace cuff of the right hand is painted with meticulous care in detail and modelled by shading to project in the shape of a crown. When compared with the left hand cuff the latter fits closely to sleeve and not curved outwards. The wand or stick points to the appliqué braiding on lower hem of cloak, which has also been modelled to form a crown by shaded folds and design (8).

Upon the two rosettes appear letters scattered. The upper has a capital F. and with other smaller letters which spell "Francis Bacon". The lower a Capital P. and A. above, with other letters, spell "A Royal Prince."

The portrait of Robert Devereux, the Earl of Essex, shows the same technique as other paintings and engravings carried out under the direction of Francis Bacon and his "Brotherhood". This painting discloses the combined work of the brothers von Somer, the actual portrait and features being by Paul, the robes and other details by Bernard.

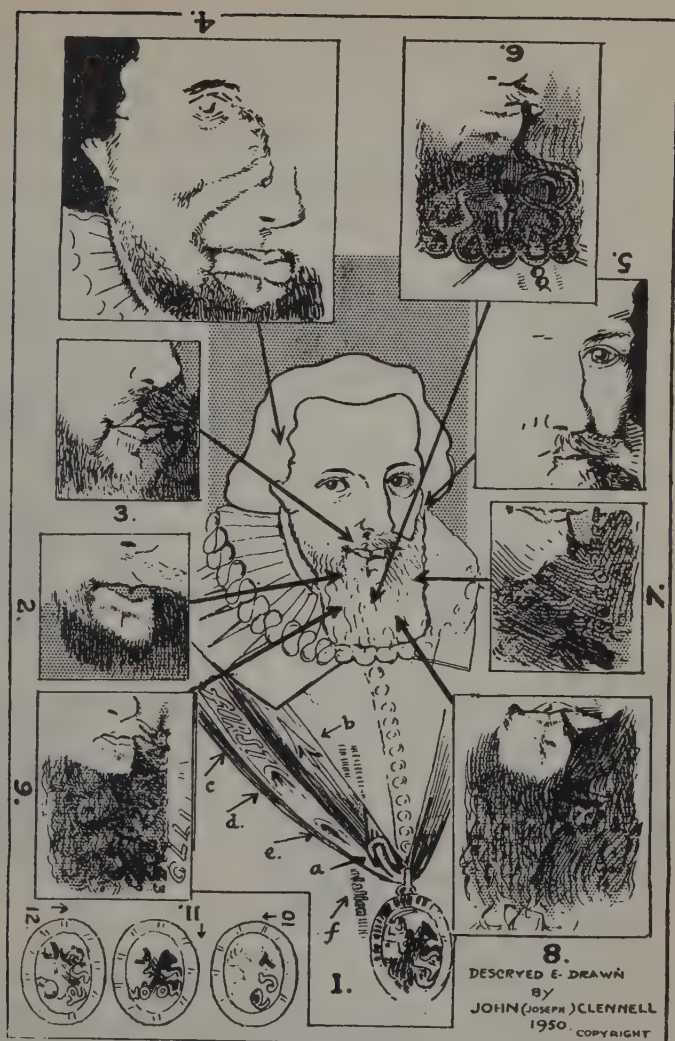
This painting was not done during the Earl's lifetime. It may have been painted from the Hillyard portrait, as these artists did not come to England until after James I had become King. Besides the concealed details having reference to his execution and the causes which led up to his untimely death.

As in the previous picture we look for the unusual. This example discloses quite a number. The modelling of both cheeks is not natural, the ear is misshapen, nose appears to be broken, the moustache is much heavier on the right—the centre including the lips is out of line with the septum of nose, lips are distorted, the lower lip being broken by a shadow with a meaningless highlight at side.

One side of chin is minus hair, disclosing a dimpled appearance, whereas the other is heavily bearded, the latter is long and square and not in the fashion of this period. Neckline is stiff and unnatural.

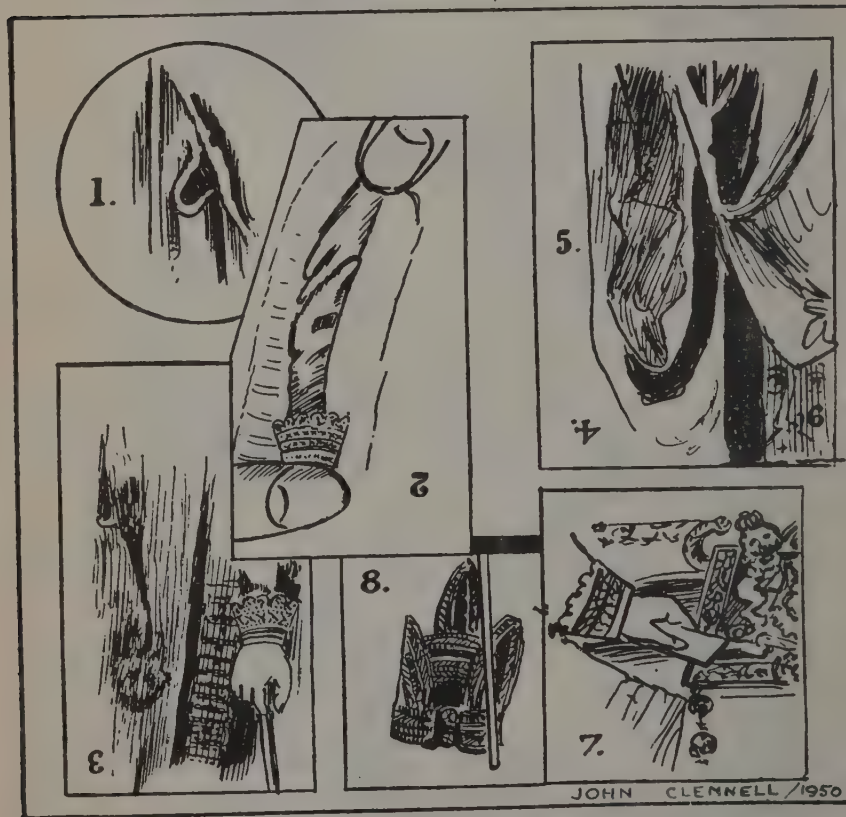
The upper lace collar is correct for this period. The lower with its two sharp angles and dagger-like points is not. The left shoulder is large and heavy, the highlights on the silken scarf are strange. Examine in details enlarged in Plan B. On this scarf is a "hook", on left above the medallion Fig. 1.a—again telling "turn round". An arrow ("b") lies in the upper fold, while under, in faint lettering, is the word "first". Two other highlights form "hooks" on the right. So we are directed to the first (a). This encircles another arrow which points to a decorative braiding, a continuous feature on all parts of the robes. This maybe is a cypher in Latin, for the word "latten" is legible beneath the hook in this braiding (Fig. 1.f.) (Note spelling as in Merry Wives of Windsor, IV.1.56. "Hanghog" is "latten" for bacon). This arrow likewise points in the direction of chin (Fig. 2) where a bearded profile of a face, eyes closed as in death, with no mouth. (This small section of a face presents a striking likeness to Francis Bacon.) Where are the lips? Reverse the picture to normal and the missing lips are seen in profile (Fig. 3) at the left under the nostril. This suggests Francis kissing his brother Robert.

Turn picture upside down. The right side of face (looking



Plan (B). Rebus or enigmatical concealed designs claimed by Mr. Clennell in the portrait of the Earl of Essex on p. 198

Rebus Concealments in the Lord Chancellery Portrait?



Plan (A). Mr. Clennell claims that these eight concealed and enigmatic designs are to be traced by careful investigation of Bacon in his Lord Chancellor's robes. (see pp. 196-199-200)

presents a recognisable profile portrait of Queen Elizabeth (Fig. 4) the nose, being by the ear, is distorted and shows fingers. This with the armlike curved neck shows an arm with hand on ear. Does this mean that she was deaf to any entreaties, this is confirmed by the modelling of forehead which forms a coarse fat face or profile at the outer corner of his lips? From here is extended a fat arm or hand covering the face of a pig, the lower lip forming a leg. The left arm is extended downwards to the cheek, and holds the forehead of a bearded head with eyes closed, and a dark stream issuing from the mouth.

This all suggests the Queen Mother's decision to close the mouth of Francis (the pig) and the head of Robert is held by the Axeman of the Tower of London.

The other cheek (Fig. 5) depicts the parental "biological urge". The word "Secret" is lettered across in white where shown in diagram. "Here is the great Royal Secret"—HONI SOIT QUI MAL Y PENSE.

The square beard conceals four different compositions of pictures or cartoons, each seen from a different angle, a remarkable piece of constructive design in painting.

The first three have reference to (as written by Sir Walter Besant on page 83 "London in Time of the Tudors") the strange and foolish rising of the Earl of Essex, and belongs to national history. It was, however, met and repressed, on the first outbreak, by the City. Not one person offered to join the Earl. He was proclaimed traitor in Cheapside. The Bishop of London raised in all haste the force which stopped him in Ludgate Hill.

Fig. 6 depicts the Earl's dream of Kingship. On the right is the figure of a man seated on what might be a throne. This is encircled by two massive arms. A winding procession of people is suggested as coming from the centre to the foot of the "throne." On the right is a man struggling in the toils of a huge snake whose head is touching the lips. The lace circular folds of the ruff contain miniature paintings of crowned heads, the centre one placed over an archway resembles King Henry VIII. The next on right might be the Earl of Leicester, while the end one shows the face of a dog which turns into a "Baconian" face. From this section the arms extended to the "throne."

This picture tells its own story.

Fig. 7. In the dark shading of beard is a crowned figure seated on an Ass—the tail of which is formed from the lip shadow—the snake head of Fig. 6. Miniature faces peer out of lace folds and background.

Lettering across reads "Poor Robert, ASS."

Fig. 8 depicts a mounted figure on horseback, with head bowed. Above is the head of an ass, in between a cross, which under on left appears the face of Francis Bacon. On the left are many faces, large and small, all turning away.

Fig. 9. Here is a seated figure whose face and hat look like Francis Bacon. He holds a roll in the left arm. In his right he holds up a small light. A running figure blends in here and takes the light,

from thence a zigzag line of small light dots continue along to the head of a bear. The light shade of lips forms the nose, two eyes above. Above, on left, is the face of a smaller bear. In the shadow below is a small face of a bearded man; with ruff in between is the head of an ass. This again may be Essex.

At the outer corner right of beard above appears the face of a man. Superimposed are the figures 273. There are other figures above which form 1770. The date may have a bearing on the Rosicrucian time cycle of 144 years (or near). Does this indicate a prophecy? For the addition of another 144 years brings the year to 1914.

In the centre is a large face which seems to be attacked by an open-mouthed wolf-like animal. In the foreground and side are a number of miniature faces, which may later be recognised as Spenser, Peele, Greene, Marlowe, Jonson and others; from the face extend two shapes like graves.

The medallion suspended from the collar has two "tell turns". The design depicts St. George and the Dragon. The figure is seated on horseback back to front. His foot points to the back feet of the horse—the first to tell "turn round."

There are three letters at bottom right—E.S. & T.; the latter formed by horse's head. Est is French for East. Turn the painting to the East and Fig. 9, the oval is on its side. Here the picture changes to an ASS. The rider is in the grip of the dragon—letters change to ASS reversed (Fig. 7). Now turn upside down, and on left is a portrait of Francis Bacon, full face. The right side a profile portrait of Essex. They appear in heated argument, confirmed by the letters N O on the forehead of Bacon and O N in the same position of Essex. In the darkened centre between is a sinister face which suggests the Axeman of the Tower of London.

These are two paintings, selected from many others from which even more astonishing data has been discovered. They all proclaim in no uncertain way that Francis Bacon was of Royal Birth, the Author of the Shakespeare plays and of other works published under other names, and the Creator of the Francis Bacon Fraternity—now known as Freemasonry.

TO OUR MEMBERS: Many subscriptions for the current year are as yet in arrear. The expense of running the Society, its offices, overheads, and the production of BACONIANA, are far in excess of the pre-war subscription, owing to largely rising costs. The Hon. Secretary would be greatly obliged if those still in arrear would make it convenient to forward their cheque to the Treasurer at the Francis Bacon Society's Office, 50a, Old Brompton Road, London, S.W.7.

FRANCIS BACON AND THE CONCEALED ABBOT TRITHEMIUS

BY THE EDITOR

IN our last issue the very interesting and instructive piece of literary detective work by M. Pierre Henrion, a leading Baconian scholar in France, in seeking to prove that Bacon was the author of Gustavus Selenus, was handicapped to some extent by an unfortunate, if well-intended, interference with the portrait of Augustus, Duke of Brunswick and Luneberg, by the process-engraver who deleted certain significant markings over a few letters and thus negated part of our contributor's argument. In this number, therefore, we reproduce the portrait from a fresh photograph kindly obtained for us by our friend from the Bibliothèque Nationale, Paris, for our readers' examination afresh. As also others for the like reason.

M. Henrion's argument was that, for a variety of reasons which he stressed, the features were of two entirely separate personalities, yet who were united for a certain purpose, namely the production of the famous *Cryptomenytices* of Gustavus Selenus. The white line drawn slantingly (by ourselves), following the indication of the star at the top, between the two halves of the features, were of two entirely separate men, he on the left, (with coat-sleeve reversed as in the Droeshout portrait of the 1623 Folio), represents Francis Bacon, and on the right, the Duke of Brunswick, much more stocky; or, to use M. Henrion's own words: "If both halves of the face are hidden successively, we see, on one side, a powerful square face of Teutonic build, on the other a very old man with a long tired face."

The portrait we are supposed to be looking at is of Augustus, Duke (or Most Serene Prince) of Brunswick and Luneberg, supposedly Gustavus Selenus, whose famous work is a classic of its order in forms of concealment. Yet the title-page and the portrait give one profoundly to think. M. Henrion tells us to note the word "expende" in bold letters under the portrait. *Expende!* That is, *Weigh and observe carefully!* *Ponder!* Of course it *may* allude to the contents but again it may not. Why does the figure on the left half have his coat sleeve inverted, all out of proportion, obviously a signal to catch the eye of the initiate? M. Henrion asks, "Does this portrait ask us to believe that there could be a Renaissance Grandee (an ancestor of George I to be sure!) not putting his name to a book of his but having the book written by another and that, too, disguised?" Indeed, it does!

Among the signs pointing to Bacon as the real author, M. Henrion asks us to study the quatrain below the portrait. (See illustration). Counting the capital letters viz., *Pietatis Alumnus, Princeps Brunsvvigi*, (counting W as two letters) Makes a total of 33 letters, or BACON in simple cipher. The reader might also glance at that long strange *I* of BrunswigI, because the 'I' is used as a similar indication in the lettering round the portrait, to draw attention. M. Henrion invited his readers to count the letters from the first 'I' in *Gratia* at the foot of the portrait, which bears a mark above it,

(previously engraved away as explained in three cases) to cite his own words: "Around the portrait count one on the strangely capped 'I' of *Gratia*, count the comma as one and the 'Æ' as two. What strange thing do you notice on the 33rd letter? And now continue on this letter 'I', count every typographical sign however small. Do not forget the asterisk one, Ampersand (&) counts as two, so 'etc.' added counts as four. What happens on the 33rd sign? Count one on this 'M', count every typographical sign. Stop short before the 'I' you started from on your little tour but pass to the "expende" and its final dot." All these add up to 33, and the markings are obviously intentional. M. Henrion further draws attention to the fact that the number of lines or rules on which the word "Expende" is written, also add up to 33. These markings are evidently intentional.

The inference, therefore, is that, whilst the portrait ostensibly represents the Duke of Brunswick, it is actually a composite picture, and while affecting to be of the Duke, is really Bacon disguised, whose features are distinguishable if one covers up the front side of the face.

Yet there is more behind it than that. The portrait in question was discovered by chance in the Bibliothèque Nationale, Paris, and seems as though perhaps a limited number of copies of the portrait we have been examining were printed to be given to friends of the Duke or of Bacon. For please observe now the other illustration we reproduce of the Duke, from which doubtless the artist who faked up the one under discussion copied faithfully in other particulars. There are certain points, however, to be noted of it in comparison with the other: (1) No tampering with the features. It is a wide, Teutonic type of head; (2) It shews no ruffe, a form of attire looked upon as effeminate on the Continent, made fashionable in England by Elizabeth; (3) No quatrain or verse beneath it which conceals the simple cipher and throws out hints as, (4) *ora gerit*, for the inscription reads, "such eyes, such expressions he wears of conscientiousness", and as M. Henrion pertinently asks, why not the more usual *os gerit*, the singular, for how can features wear varying expressions in a portrait? Is it a play on the two expressions of "double-face"?; (5) The asterisk at the top is now askew as in the other portrait, which gives the line of division down the centre. The comparison affords pretty conclusive proof that the frontispiece of M. Henrion was a concocted disguise for the purpose of letting the *cognocenti* recognise the true author. This adds to the discernment of M. Henrion, who had not seen the portrait just mentioned until he was in London last August when our Treasurer, Mr. Lewis Biddulph, produced the copy in question.

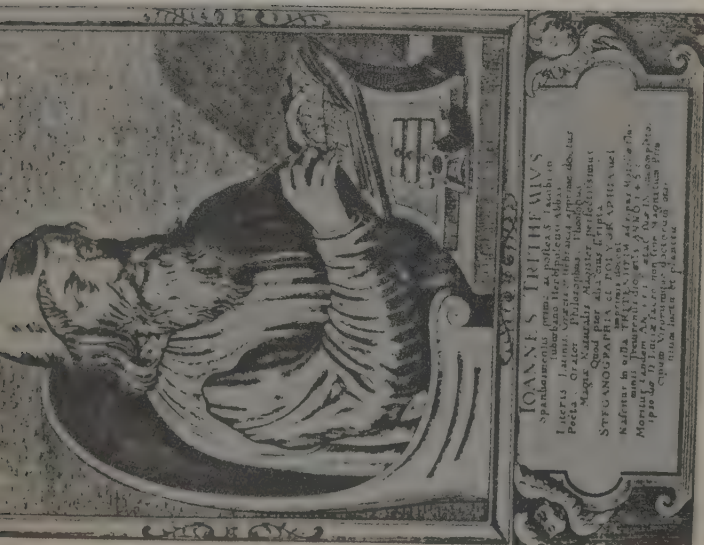
That these conclusions are justified is surely confirmed by the illustrations on the title page of *Gustavus Selenus*, published in our last issue. At the foot in the drawing the Duke is poising what Mr. Biddulph claims to be an abbot's mitre over the head of the sitting figure writing at the desk, which we also reprint. Above this,



Disguised portrait ostensibly of the Duke of Brunswick. Frontispiece of a rare edition of Gustavus Selenus in German, dated 1624. After comparing it each side of the white line, which gives the features (left) of Bacon, compare it with an authentic portrait of the Duke reproduced on page 209. (By kind permission of the Service Photographique of the Bibliothèque Nationale, Paris.)



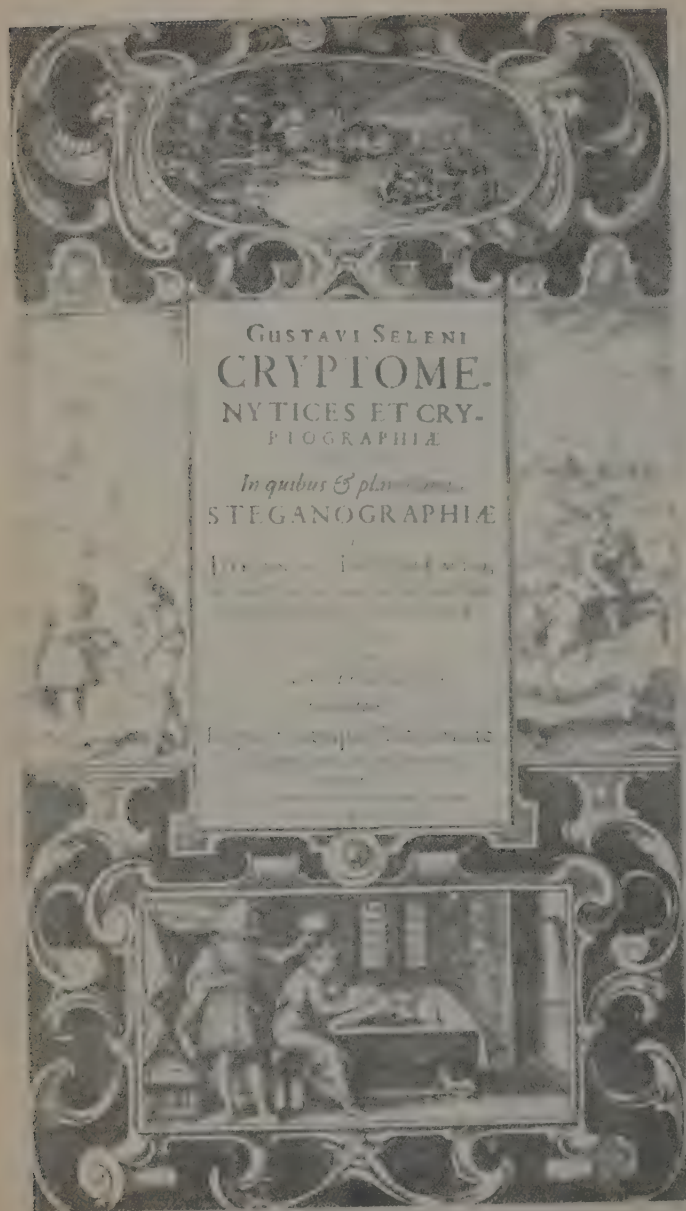
The Duke of Brunswick and Francis Bacon. An enlargement of the drawing at base of title-page to *Gustavus Selenus*. It indicates the features of the two men more clearly. Note the hat or mitre held over the writer's head by the Duke. See p. 205 for explanation.



The Abbot Joannes Trithemius, related to the production of **Gustavus Selenus**, as described on the title-page. Could he have been **Francis Bacon** in his old age?



Portrait of Augustus, Duke of Brunswick from which it is believed the false portrait on p.206 was adapted. It shows the Duke's real features.



The Title-Page of Gustavus Selenus. Lower cut represents the Duke of Brunswick and supposedly the Abbot. The others depict the hasty despatch of the great work, with the Duke instructing his messenger.

on the left (reproduced on page facing), stands one, whom we may assume from his attire and the respectful homage of the soldier, is the Duke, giving him a package strapped on the back of his saddle, blowing his horn as he approaches his objective, a port; and on the uppermost drawing is seen a boat hurriedly putting out from the port, with the figure of the soldier evidently with the precious package on its way to a ship awaiting it. Thus we have a plain hint that the work is under the patronage of the Duke but executed by someone else and is regarded as of great importance.

Who was this someone else? Mr. Biddulph, with whom M. Henrion agrees, claims that the cap in the lower design is an abbot's mitre being held over the writer's head. It must obviously relate to the mysterious Joannes Trithemius who, on the title page, is recognised as the main author, described as the Abbot of Spanheimens and Herbipolens, lauded as a man of enormous erudition, unravelling in the compendium with great exactitude the work of other writers in the arts of stenography, of concealment by cryptology, inventions not to be despised. So the someone else appears to be the Abbot Trithemius. Yet mystery succeeds mystery for the figure below, writing at the desk, appears to represent Bacon. Were they one and the same?

Mr. Biddulph, who has been good enough to supply the portrait of the Abbot Trithemius, as well as the authentic portrait of Duke Augustus, offers an explanation. Dr. Speckmann, a Mathematical Professor of Arnheim, Holland, suggested that the panel in question is a "picture-rebus-cum-cipher", otherwise an enigmatical representation of a name by picture or figures, whereby the figure on the left is Duke Augustus, the figure seated at the table is Trithemius, previously wearing a MITRE, which the Duke has lifted off his head with the following sequel: divide the name of TRITHEMIUS into two words, *viz.*, THIUS and TRIEM; which word THIUS by anagrammatic Wheel Cipher, in which each letter is moved 5 places to the right, gives us as follows: T=B, H=N, I=O, U=C, S=A, otherwise BACON; and the remainder anagrammatically becomes MITRE. The sense accordingly is that the sitting figure is the Abbot Trithemius with his Mitre who is otherwise Francis Bacon. It is a fascinating conundrum of an order which would have delighted the Master.

Here then is a puzzle which, if resolved as interpreted, leads us towards that great man's subsequent career. Possibly in this connection it may be mentioned that the late Mrs. C. M. Pott, so well-known as a Baconian, in April 1904, in this magazine, wrote of a long correspondence with a "very learned German gentleman," who informed her that Francis St. Alban lived to the age of 106 years (the age ascribed to the Rosicrucian Father), and that "he retired into the life of a hermit or recluse and assumed the name of Father X." Could the portrait of Trithemius possibly have been Francis Bacon in his very old age?

M. Henrion has grave doubts that the year 1624 on the title

(Continued on page 245)

“WHO WROTE SHAKESPEARE?”

BY PHILIP HUMPHREYS

VIGILANT members of the Francis Bacon Society are likely to be aware of a recent broadcast talk by Dr. Giles E. Dawson, curator of books and manuscripts at the Folger Library in Washington. It was entitled “Who wrote Shakespeare?” and was printed in *The Listener* for August 10th, 1950.

At the proper time and in the proper place these same vigilant members will, I presume, deal adequately with this not very formidable utterance. But it might prove encouraging to Baconians to find that one who is not a member of their society, has read but cursorily in the literature of the Bacon-Shakespeare controversy, and has no axe to grind, is nevertheless intrigued enough to take up pen and paper and comment upon this latest shot from the ranks of orthodoxy.

To smooth the ground for a proposition that I regard as verging on absurdity—viz., that the incomparable plays were written by the flesh-and-blood creature for whose career most Stratfordians feel impelled to make apologies—Dr. Dawson first informs us that at one time the habit of idolizing Shakespeare created an impossible conception: an author “of almost divine wisdom and perfection, who in truth could not have sprung from lowly village folk, or from any level of society”; but that now (thanks to the restoration of critical sobriety) we know that “Shakespeare’s works display but little learning, and we need not seek, as their author, a university man, a lawyer, a courtier, a traveller.”

Well, certainly there are people who gravitate naturally into the ‘nothing more’ party—people to whom a primrose.... a yellow primrose is, and “nothing more;” who read a lot of words in Shakespeare’s plays and see no problem—but here I have not space to comment further on this minifying picture of the stupendous playwright whose immense vocabulary was more than twice the size of that which sufficed for the erudition of John Milton: what cannot be passed over without comment is the logic of the attempt to make this strange picture plausible by an unfortunate comparison with Shelley.

“It was not in a school or a university,” we are told, that Shelley learnt to write his *Skylark* ode. What an unsuitable example! Shelley went to Eton and to Oxford, was notoriously studious, hated games, and read voraciously. In his notes to *Queen Mab* (a work classified with his juvenilia) he already shows signs of strong scientific and philosophic interests (rather remote from simple lyricism), and when he died in his twenty-ninth year he could be said to be a widely cultured man. Except to such people as can

believe that the author of the plays of William Shakespeare could retire in middle life to distant Stratford and devote himself to petty usury and litigation, it must seem obvious that had Shelley's life continued the considerable culture of his youth must have become, in his age, yet more extensive. But to revert to the matter now at issue, it is certainly impossible to determine how closely Shelley's store of culture was associated with his famous *Skylark* ode, and equally it is impossible to measure the connection between the culture of the playwright and any one item of purely lyrical beauty in his work. But if it be objected that therefore this comparison is absolutely pointless, the answer will have to be that the broadcast by Dr. Dawson preposterously attempted to imply that the entire *corpus* of the 'William Shakespeare' works argues no special learning in its author because a lyric from the hand of the highly educated Shelley may conceivably not have sprung from the educated part of Shelley's many-sided mind. It is no proof at all that Lewis Carroll knew nothing of mathematics to point to the flippancies of the economist, Stephen Leacock. Such reasoning is muddled and means nothing. Therefore I say Dr. Dawson's example was unfortunate.

But although he has scuttled his own ship Dr. Dawson sails confidently on. He quotes the allusion of John Davies of Hereford, "whose epigram on Shakespeare in *The Scourge of Folly*, 1610, is entitled 'To our English Terence, Master Will Shake-speare'." (The name is spelt with the full eleven letters,) "The first three lines of the poem," continues Dr. Dawson, "run as follows:

Some say (good Will) which I, in sport, do sing,
Hadst thou not played some kingly parts in sport,
Thou hadst been a companion for a *King*."

Dr. Dawson legitimately maintains that by the phrase 'our English Terence' a composer of comedies must be meant; but he makes no allowance for the important possibility (which, considering the declared opinion of some of his antagonists, he was under some obligation to examine) that 'Shakespeare'—with eleven letters—is a mere pseudonymous abstraction (but loosely related to the Stratford adventurer) to be regarded—shall we say, in the psychological jargon of our age?—as a 'split-off' portion of the personality of Francis Bacon, whose 'lepto-somatic' figure was compatible enough with 'schizoid' traits.

"Property was thus apall'd
That the self was not the same;
Single nature's double name
Neither two nor one was call'd."

Now, rightly or wrongly many persons do exist who quite definitely believe that, after the demise of Queen Elizabeth, Francis Bacon *ought to have been King*; and it hardly needs me to notify BACONIANA's readers of this fact. I take no side myself in this curious contention—but the idea *has* been mooted and might well explain two features in the epigram above; for (firstly) the word 'King' is printed in italics

as though to draw attention to some significant insinuation; and (secondly) if the man who wrote the plays had succeeded to the throne the *part of him* pseudonymously known as 'William Shakespeare' would have been, very truly, "a companion for a King." Readers of BACONIANA will readily recall various occasions when it has plausibly appeared that some such symbolical *sub*-personality, identified with 'Shakespeare' (spelt with eleven letters), has been treated as an independent being—possibly in the Plays, possibly in *The Phoenix and the Turtle*.

In a fast-sinking bottom Dr. Dawson flounders desperately on. Dealing with the six extant signatures—so-called, he admits that their spelling disagrees with the name we find printed in original editions; and (overlooking the possibility that this discrepancy might actually be an intentional and significant distinction) he arrives at the lame conclusion that "it was natural" for Shakespeare, "at the very end of his life"—"when he was tired and perhaps ill," to pen his patronymic in a "shorter and easier way, not taking the trouble to put in all the unnecessary letters."

To this I reply: (1) Would not an author's signature, used throughout an active literary life, be the last word to undergo such supercilious abbreviation—being (for one thing) highly personal to its owner and (for another) firmly established by long habit? (2) Though the death of William Shaksper was near—very near—when the putative signatures were written on his Will it does not follow that he felt his end approaching or had lapsed, in his fifty-second year, into any sort of physical decrepitude—especially as such evidence as to the cause of his defunction as we have relates it to debauchery (which might have been exceptional) rather than to chronic indisposition; and indeed the suggestion that the same cause explains away the contracted imperfection of the remaining signatures—supposed implies for poor Shaksper a quinquennial disease that enroached upon him sometime in his forty-eighth year—though the Will itself pronounces (however hyperbolically) that the testator's health, mental and physical, is "perfect". (2) And even if an ageing man might (as Dr. Dawson tenderly expresses it) "fall into" an abbreviation for commonplace occasions it hardly seems typical of the litigious William Shaksper to regard his sign-manual on a legal manifesto as a matter of comparative indifference. Such exculpatory fictions about the upstart of New Place impress me as belonging to the brand of speculation in which one would classify Drinkwater's fanciful conceit that the man in whose home was found no book or manuscript had devoted the last decade of his life to the composition of an epic poem!

And now the sinking bark whose ill-starred voyage I have been following is half submerged beneath the dangerous flood of Shakespeare controversy: with shuddering apprehension one awaits the grim gurgle, the last swirling vortex as it vanishes from sight..... But no!—like some frenetic Tyburn-victim, who must at least raise a laugh before the noose silences him for ever, Dr. Dawson suddenly

paints a comic picture of "poor thick-pated" Will scattering master-pieces nonchalantly in the tiring room, while Burbage and the others have their laugh. This spark of wit ignites the magazine and detonations of hilarity diversify immersion with combustion.

Adequately to deal with this "Incredible Deception" would need more space than the Editor would allow. Therefore I must confine myself to a few staccato observations, hoping that someone better qualified than I, and better known, will speak at length: (1) Dissenters do not necessarily consider that William of Stratford was "thick-pated" if by that derogatory epithet is meant 'imbecile,' 'half-witted,' or 'obtuse'; they believe that like most others of his class and generation he was neither clerk nor scholar—and, incidentally, no genius; and it so happens that I have myself seen how, even to-day (in this ink-and-paper century), the illiterate can disguise their limitations and present to the unsuspecting world an appearance (not unjustified) of *savoir faire* and nimble-mindedness. Shaksper, in the same way, might have masked his educational deficiencies, for his usurious activities and material success argue, at the least, a generous allowance of low cunning. (2) Nor do dissenters know, or claim to know, how many men suspected or were privy to the secret: their claim is merely that on several occasions—either through yielding to a garrulous temptation, or with calculated intent to insinuate a truth—contemporary witnesses made dark and veiled allusions to a mystery of some sort.

With another loud report Dr. Dawson now informs us that "Jesuits from the Continent, whose lives depended upon secrecy, were discovered"—indeed hanged; that the Gunpowder Plot "leaked out and was forestalled;" yet "no whisper was heard" of the "great dramatic intrigue" (in which many men must have shared) until "more than two centuries" had passed by.

Reasoning on such lines (after previously arguing that Shelley's ode and Shakespeare's plays were similar productions) suggests that Dr. Dawson, like an accident-prone man, is simply unfortunate by habit. For he is virtually maintaining not only that kept-secrets are historical impossibilities, but that he knows the length of time they can be kept, and that (to all intents and purposes) this length of time—just to make matters more ridiculous—is nil. When I contemplate intellectual entanglements such as this I would fain exclaim with Virgil: "*Inextricabilis error!*" But no!—in a few words this challenge must be met.

If the Gunpowder Plot had not "leaked out", the powder itself would (doubtless) have 'gone off'—and thus the whole affair would have been publicly revealed. Therefore, the question of the maintenance of secrecy is revelant *only* to the *preparation* stage; whence it follows that if plots cannot *then* be kept secret there cannot ever in all history have been any plots at all—no surprises, no sorties, no *coups d'etat*, no sabotage....What nonsense this makes of all we know! The Gunpowder Plot was *automatically* forestalled: *naturally* the Japanese failed to take Pearl Harbour by surprise! All sorts

of people keep on plotting, plotting, plotting—but they are just plain masochists: plots must be forestalled! History has no secrets—never *had* secrets; everything is (and always was) known; *every* scheming Jesuit was hanged. This is the strange conclusion we are invited to endorse; but alas! you cannot demonstrate that one specific secret could not have been kept merely by showing that another secret failed: the ‘major premiss’ of the argument is lacking. Indeed, on such emancipated principles of logic we could sport with Gilbertian syllogisms: As, Socrates was a man; a man (to wit, King John) lost his jewels in the Wash; therefore poor Socrates, who never *had* jewels, must somehow have lost jewels in the Wash.

To avoid such incomparable ratiocinative havoc, propositions must be considered on their merits. Every incident whatever is unique in one respect (as Bergson says—the time and place of its occurrence), but events of the kind we call ‘historical’ are unique in innumerable respects. It is not for Dr. Dawson to put limitations to them, saying: “This is too remarkable for my taste.” Somewhere, and sometime, the most remarkable event of all must have occurred; and if there *are* such things as secrets *some* secret *must* have been the longest-kept secret—Dr. Dawson notwithstanding—up to date.... (I wonder—could its secrecy have lasted for “more than two centuries,” perchance?) And whenever a kept-secret is about to be unveiled (is about to be no more a matter unsuspected—whether because its natural term is ended, as when the Japanese invaded Pearl Harbour; or its seal has been broken by betrayal, as in the case of the unfortunate Guy Fawkes; or clues deliberately left have been deciphered, as many now think in this matter of the Plays; or for any other reason), then two considerations must in general apply: Because it *is* a secret we cannot tell as yet where it will arise; and we cannot know for how long that which still deceives us *has* deceived us, has remained outside our imperceptive ken. And this must apply to discoveries of all sorts: Copernicus—Confound him!—suddenly doubled up the very Earth (our nice, flat comfortable Earth); Einstein did the same to the Euclidean dimensions.... (Scientists seem to *like* this sort of thing!) But Dr. Dawson will not have it that Revolution’s hideous head could emerge in the midst of peaceful Stratford. He shuts his eyes because his paunch is queasy, although Dickens might have taught him to have courage: “The life of Shakespeare is fine mystery,” Dickens said, “and I tremble everyday lest something should turn up.” And the amusing contradiction that transpierces what is left of Dr. Dawson’s tatterdemalion polemic (making all these manifold confusions worse counfounded) is the fact so often emphasized by Shakespearean dissenters that “whispers” *were* heard—hints, indeed, deliberately published; but for which no horrid heretics (Baconian, Oxfordian or other) would ever have arisen to challenge the supremacy so long enjoyed in the *Pantheon* of Poesy by the man who sued his neighbour for two shillings.—Imagination would have struggled bravely on, trying, always trying, to “marry him to his verse.”

(Continued on page 246)

CAN WE EDUCATE DR. GILES E. DAWSON?

BY EDWARD D. JOHNSON

IN THE holiday month of August, presumably with the intent to broadcast to the British public a nice, bright, entertaining chat, Dr. Giles Dawson, of the Folger Shakespeare Library, Washington, discussed "Who Wrote Shakespeare?" Listeners—at least those who had any previous knowledge of the subject—supposedly pricked up their ears hopeful that our visitor from across the Atlantic might throw some new light on the provocative question. Did he? The nearest approach, it might seem, was the reproduction later in the B.B.C. organ, *The Listener*, in connection with his broadcast, of the well-known Max Beerbohm cartoon showing Will Shaksper of Stratford, creeping along with one fore-finger poised to enjoin silence, and with the other hand behind his back, into which Francis Bacon was placing a Manuscript labelled "Hamlet" as he shielded himself behind Will. If this cartoon did not imply that Bacon was the author and Shaksper the "stooge" it meant nothing.

It was a pity that Dr. Dawson did not fit his broadcast, as the guest of the B.B.C., in accordance with the cartoon, but perhaps his championship of the Stratford Idol was intended to be satirical. He began by telling us that just over a hundred years ago the first serious claim to the Shakespeare Plays was made on behalf of Francis Bacon, and since then widely divergent claims have been advanced. Airily he dismissed them by asserting that "the professors of English literature and other literary historians of standing have paid scant attention to these theories, seldom taking the trouble to refute them." Was he being sardonic at the expense of the Stratfordians, we wondered. For he should know—if he be a Professor of English literature and acquainted with the writers of Bacon's time—that the works of the period are prominent factors in Baconian claims, and what he terms "scant attention" is a notable trait of the Stratfordians, who studiously ignore every such aspect and blind their eyes to the claims of Francis Bacon, whose authorship is not only proven to all capable of weighing evidence but who was the greatest and most illustrious Englishman of all time.

But who are these "literary historians of standing?" Did he mean Sir Sidney Lee and his disciples, who may write clever fiction but run like hares from facts? However, here are a few names taken at random of famous men who during the last century did not believe in Will of Stratford as the famous Playwright, and who were nearly all Baconians: Lord Palmerston, Disraeli (Lord Beaconsfield), W. E. Gladstone, John Bright, Lord Houghton, Schiegel, Samuel Taylor Coleridge, Charles Dickens, John Greenleaf Whittier, Henry Hallam, James Russell Lowell, Oliver Wendell Holmes, Walt Whitman, George Moore, Ralph Waldo Emerson,

Senator Ignatius Donnelly, Mark Twain, and many other eminent men famed as statesmen or in the world of letters, to whom apparently the Stratfordian "Literary historians" pay "scant attention." Is that the doctrine of the Folger Shakespeare Library in America's capital?

The basis, however, of Dr. Dawson's droll claims was that, whilst he admits Will Shaksper may not have been schooled at Stratford, as there is no evidence pro or con (wittily remarking, "Nor can it be proved that he ever ate roast mutton for his dinner!") it made no matter for learning is not necessary for Genius. That is a very worn-out tag. However, Dr. Dawson thinks Shaksper could have picked up a scrappy education as he went through life, shifting scenery and the like "a practical man of the theatre, one who knew how to make effective plays for audiences at the Globe or Hampton Court." The Plays, he contends "display little learning."

There he went a step too far for the average listener. Genius cannot improvise technical knowledge. Every student of the Plays is well aware that "Shakespeare's" knowledge of Greek, Latin, Italian, and French; of classic and early history and mythology; of affairs of state; of intimate acquaintance with political affairs; of the social conventionalities of Court life; of familiarity with foreign travel; and by no means last of the intricacies and practices of the Law, are all sublime. Genius can adorn knowledge but cannot invent it.

The Professor told his audience that nearly a hundred printed allusions to Shakespeare were made during his life-time, but he omitted to add that they one and all related to the Plays and Poems and never to the author himself! He must also have had his tongue in his cheek when he dragged in John Davies of Hereford, whose epigram on Shakespeare in *The Scourge of Folly* (1610), is dedicated to "Our English Terence, Master Will Shakespeare", for Davies was certainly indulging in a satirical jest when comparing the Stratford Will with Terence. It is an historical fact that Terence was a Carthaginian slave, and the six comedies written in his name were composed by Scipio Africanus the Younger and his friend Laelius, both men of great literary gifts, who, in their day, regarded the stage as the most efficacious means of imparting knowledge to the common people and used the name of Terence as a blind—as *Bacon used Shakespeare for the like purpose*. Davies in effect hinted that "Master Will" was merely a mask for the real writer.

The Professor tries to corner the Baconians when he asks "Why should the noble, powerful, and learned statesman-poet choose as his pseudonym a name already borne by a well-known but unlettered young actor?" It is, he says, a difficulty with which the "unbelievers" (meaning ourselves) "never come to grips". Not we, Professor! Look elsewhere! Maybe, in America, there are certain historical facts of which the Folger Shakespeare Library is ignorant if it stocks no history apart from Stratfordian literature. At all events the earliest published Shakespearean Plays, namely *King*

John, Taming of the Shrew, Henry VI, Romeo and Juliet, Richard II, Henry IV, Henry V, and Richard III, were all brought out *anonymously*, clear proof that the author determined from the first to conceal his identity. All were published in quarto form with no name up to the year 1597, but serious circumstances arose and forced Francis Bacon to modify his original intention.

The last of these was *Richard II*, and Queen Elizabeth considered it treasonable because it denounced the divine right of kings—the same play was performed the day before the Essex Rebellion and for the same reason—the Queen sought to discover the author with the intention of bringing him to the rack. In the following year a *new edition of Richard II appeared with the name "William Shake-speare" on the title page*. Baconians (who study these subjects which the Stratfordians boycott), are aware that the pseudonym Shake-speare relates to the Greek goddess Pallas Athene with her spear, the divine symbol of wisdom and power and the *patroness of learning*. It was a perfect emblem for Francis to adopt, as his whole life was devoted to the uplift and education of his fellow-men. The first poem published by Bacon was "*Venus and Adonis*", published in 1593, and which he dedicated to *his personal friend* Henry Wriothesley the third Earl of Southampton, signing the dedication to the Earl "*William Shakespeare*". No one has ever been able to trace that any association existed between Will Shaksper and Southampton. Bacon knew Will Shaksper at the theatre and in his dilemma came to an arrangement to use his name as the author. But Bacon had used the signature William Shakespeare before he had ever heard of the actor.

The Queen could only trace the actor Will Shaksper, at the Globe Theatre, but she was certain that he could not be the author of the play and others, and that somebody important was hiding behind him. This is proved by a letter Bacon addressed to the Earl of Devonshire, in which he said, "When the Queen could not be persuaded that it was not his writing whose name was on it, but that it had some more mischievous author, she declared with great indignation that she would have him racked to produce his author." Will Shaksper himself the actor was of so little importance that Queen Elizabeth took no further action, but as a safeguard he was packed off to Stratford and given £1,000 and New Place and told to lie low, which he did until after Queen Elizabeth's death.

He evidently asked to be given a house at Stratford as well as the money, so he was allowed to occupy New Place (which formerly belonged to Lady Ann Russell, who was Francis Bacon's aunt). Bacon wished to be certain that Shaksper was going to keep his part of the bargain, so New Place was not formally transferred to Shaksper until some years afterwards.

That is the explanation why Bacon chose the name of "*Shakespeare*". It is a pity that Dr. Dawson could not tell this interesting story to his vast audience. It might have intrigued them far more than the glorification of nobodies he called "*literary historians of standing*" and also the story happens to be true, not fiction.

However, Dr. Dawson makes a sturdy effort to get away from the question whether Will Shaksper could even sign his name, for the only writing which could be attributed to him are the six signatures extant in which even the spelling of the name is varied. He suggests that towards the end of his life, when he was tired and perhaps ill, "it was natural for him to fall into a shorter and easier way, not taking the trouble to put in all the necessary letters." Scarcely naturally one would think, of a prolific playwright, and one wonders how many of Dr. Dawson's listeners have ever set eyes on the egregious and laboured six efforts containing his signature, with the differentiation in the formation of letters which seems to indicate that other pens than his had a hand in them or guided his fingers. But let that pass! There are truly the six laboured and muddled signatures for what they are worth! What the Professor did not apparently think it necessary to mention is the time each operation of signing must have needed. When we consider that in the First Folio of 1623 alone of Shakespeare's works, there are 634,000 words, and that Ben Jonson specially praised the author's clear writing, it gives one profoundly to think!

But of course we are "heretics." We are heretics because we pursue the truth based on facts while the Stratfordians put up a dummy genius, an expensive theatre, an artificial birthplace, and every form of fictional make-believe mostly because there is big money, and rumour, has it, Rockefeller finance behind it.

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CRACKPOTS OR OSTRICHES?

BY AN AMERICAN CORRESPONDENT

[Our American friend's amusing tilt at a number of Professors on his side of the water, shows that prejudice on behalf of the Stratfordian idol is just as rampant in certain presumably educational centres as over here. The Stratfordian National Organisation of America is said to have about 11,000 members of which *The Shakespeare Quarterly* is its official organ.—ED.]

WHEN reading recently the July issue of the Shakespeare Association of America's "*Quarterly*" I observed that readers were given only garbled information about subjects discussed and that the writers were running around in circles trying to interpret what certain characters in the Plays meant or represented. As most of these writers bear the title of "Dr." or "Professor", one can realise how bemused or confused the ordinary reader must become and how little he can learn about the playwright when they employ lengthy words to show off their erudition but without the ability to interest the average reader.

What first aroused my curiosity in these professorial pundits was that Hugh Dickenson, in reporting a festival at Hofstra College, New Hempstead, L.I. in honour of Shakespeare, quotes Dr. Louis B. Wright, Director of the Folger Shakespeare Library, Washington, as terming those who do not agree with his Stratfordian views, "the Baconian crackpots with their cryptic codes", etc. Now, in debating any subject where a difference of opinion exists, I do not believe in calling people insulting names, but to present all sides of the case and let the listener or reader decide on the merits. For my part instead of calling the Stratfordians "crackpots" I will take one or two articles in the latest issue of *The Quarterly* and let the innocent reader judge what is what.

In the first article entitled the "Garrick Jubilee at Stratford-upon-Avon" by Isabel Roome Mann, she tells the reader that from the mulberry tree, said to have been planted by William Shakespeare, (?) and which was cut down and sold to a carpenter, a box was made and given to David Garrick on May 3rd, 1769. The said box contained the "freedom of Stratford" and was made of "sacred wood". But Isabel fails to tell the reader that in 1939, only eleven years ago, George Fearon and Ivor Brown (both Stratfordians) in a book published in England as "The Amazing Monument" and in America as "The Shakespeare Industry", demonstrated how the people of England had been hoaxed for many years about this mysterious mulberry tree by the fact that so many articles of wood were "supposed" to have come from it, and "supposed" to have been planted by Will of Stratford, as would have made a forest rather than a tree!

In the second article Murray Bromberg attempts to discuss the "Reputation of Philip Henslowe", of the Globe Theater. He quotes from Frank Ernest Hill, (whose book "To Meet Will Shakespeare", New York 1949, is written in the imaginative vein of Marchette Chutes' recent "Shakespeare of London"), completely ignoring the fact that Hill made a false statement in regard to the wearing of

masks by women who attended plays at Henslowe's theatre in the time of Shakespeare. In my correspondence with Mr. Hill I learnt that he did not recollect from whence he obtained "Reezly" instead of "Rosely" as it is often pronounced for Wriothesley. He admitted however, that Shakespeare was not his "line". Thus Bromberg uses as an authority a writer who is not fully conversant with Shakespeare but how about the value of his argument when he relies on Hill? Yet I would not call either Bromberg or Hill a "crackpot" any more than I would say "Honesty is *not* the best policy" because a thief may say so.

Yet in a previous issue that type of argument was used against Leslie Hotson (in his work "Dating of the Sonnets") because he cited Benson's opinion (the first publisher of the Sonnets in 1640, vide Alfred Dodd), that the Sonnets will be found clear and plain, not difficult to understand. Professor Hallett Smith thought that Benson copied his tribute to Shakespeare from a modern poem by May W. Rutter, which tribute Benson used to draw the public's attention and so to buying the Sonnets. I ask, so what? If a thief should say "honesty is the best policy" would you say it is not because a thief said it was? Should we call Professor Hallett Smith or Bromberg "crackpots"? Not at all. We will wait until they see the light.

In the third article Professor Thaler discusses his "Delayed Exposition in Shakespeare". Should I call the Professor a "crackpot"? No, though some might think I had a perfect right to say so. About a year ago I read his work "Shakespeare and Sir Philip Sidney", wherein he claimed to be the first to notice that Shakespeare used Sidney. He does not claim that Shakespeare copied or plagiarised Sidney in so many words but he takes passages from Sidney's "Defence of Poesie" and discovers that Shakespeare used the same expressions almost word for word. As Sidney was the older he concludes that Shakespeare "remembered" Sidney. I corresponded with the Professor asking him whether he had read Looney's (Oxfordian) book of 1930, or Alfred Dodd's 1931 Book "The Personal Poems of Francis Bacon" among other works. He replied that I would find an answer to the claims made by Looney and Dodd—admitting that he had not read them—in a work by Ashley and Thorndike in 1915. When I asked him how books written in 1920 and 1931 could be answered in one published in 1915, he did not reply. After several months I played my ace card by asking the Professor how he could claim that he was the first to "notice" that Shakespeare "remembered" Sidney when 19 years before his own book appeared in "Shakespeare and the Law", Sir Dunbar Barton (1928) had claimed that Shakespeare copied from Sidney. He finally replied in a roundabout, evasive manner, saying that he was no Baconian and that it was too late in years for him to become one!

This recalls my experience with another Professor—Harding Craig. I had corresponded with him but he finally wrote that he was too ill to continue it. Yet he had sufficient strength to take a plane trip across the Ocean to lecture at Stratford-on-Avon, on

Shakespeare, quite a feat for a sick man. I may suspect Prof. Craig's avoidance of me for I had asked him if he had ever read Mr. Dodd's "Personal Poems of Francis Bacon" (1931) and he replied that he had, and that he had reviewed it in the April number of *Studies in Philology*, and added that "although I disagree with him I have nothing against him." I spent an entire afternoon at the New York Public Library looking through all the volumes from 1931 to 1948 but could find no criticism of Dodd's work.

I asked the Professor bluntly if he had deceived me. He answered that he had confused him with some other Dodd and that if he could ever find time he would read his book. He also informed me that if I could not mend the manner in which I wrote him he would stop corresponding, but we have corresponded since and are very good friends. Incidentally there is no other Dodd who ever wrote a book about Shakespeare. Well? Do I consider that Prof. Thaler or Prof. Craig are "crackpots"? I do not, though I may surmise why these Professors refuse to study the Baconian view and evidence. They claim age as their excuse and yet Prof. Porohovshikoff is about 83 years of age and from what I know of him is still open to reason.

Then we have in the *Quarterly* an article by Prof. Jastings (Oh, these Professors!) on "The New Critics of Shakespeare" from which we learn that many of these Shakespearean critics fail to agree in their viewpoint like the editors in Mr. Stewart's book who gave many renderings of a certain passage in the Plays and asserted that it was due to the compositors' errors. Prof. Wm. T. Brewster, (Emeritus, of Columbia University), gave a review of Prof. Stauffer's "Shakespeare's World of Images", (1949). Another Prof. Oscar J. Campbell of Columbia) did the like in the *Saturday Review of Literature*. Prof. Harry Levin, of Harvard, discussed it in the *New York Times Book Review* and all disagreed with one another. Prof. Stauffer informed me that Prof. Levin had misread his work. Come, come, Professors! Can it be that we are all "crackpots"?

This galaxy of Professors is a mystery. Of what are they "professors"? English? History? All I know is that they evidently all read the same Stratfordian literature and shun the Baconian case as they would the Devil himself. If they are Professors of English one would expect them to discover the miracle whereby their Stratford hero, the greatest master of the English tongue, could not even sign his name judging by the six laboured examples extant. If they are professors of history they should in honesty study the life of Francis Bacon and discover the real reasons why he concealed his name and used "Shakespeare". Otherwise such utter ignorance brings the name of "professor" into contempt.

Observe that I do not label these Professors "crackpots," but it might not be so inaccurate if they were described as human ostriches who bury their heads in the sand so as not to see what they do not wish to perceive. As a postscript in justice to Prof. Louis B. Wright, of the Folger Library, he now informs me that he did not describe the Baconians as "crackpots." Yet I think the word "ostrich" may stand.

L.K.

THE SONNET-DIARY MYSTERY

By J. CUMING WALTERS

[The article we publish was a review of Alfred Dodd's Personai Poems of Francis Bacon, by the late Mr. Walters, then Editor of the Manchester City News, and summarises the remarkable discovery by Mr. Dodd and his inside knowledge. The review attracted great attention to his work and for the benefit of our readers is worthy to be reprinted. One hundred copies of the Edition, the balance of the Edition, acquired by the F. B. Society, are for sale.]

THE Shakespeare Sonnets have presented a problem which has baffled students and commentators and seems to defy solution. There have been extraordinary theories as to their actual meaning, and some of them have been decidedly unpleasant. The one point of agreement is that the sonnets are personal, that "with this key Shakespeare unlocked his heart" (Robert Browning alone dissenting), and that, if only the essential clue could be seized, they would yield material evidence as to the poet's life, work, and purpose. But in all other respects there is disagreement.

CRUCIAL QUESTIONS

To whom were the first twenty-five Sonnets addressed, and why was some unknown person of importance vehemently urged to marry? Who was the Dark Lady?—(she was certainly not Mary Fytton, despite the fatuous volumes written on that subject). Was it correct that the author was lame, that he was despised, that he was denied his rights, that he had rivals, that he was poor and unfortunate and that he had tremendous, secrets to conceal? These are all sonnet-themes, but they do not fit in with the career of Shakespeare of Stratford.

How did the Sonnets come to be published, and who was the "T. T." to whom they were dedicated? Many guesses have been made, but none of them has been implicitly or entirely accepted. Such are the questions raised, and such are the mysteries that abide. Yet, as literature, these Sonnets are beautiful beyond all compare. The author must have had a deep and solemn purpose in composing them. They are valuable records of experiences, events, aspirations—yet the truth eludes us. It looked as if the veil would never be drawn aside.

NEW EXAMINATION

And now a very surprising event has occurred, and without committing ourselves at once to a decision we may say that something more definite and more tangible has been produced towards a conclusion than we ever remember to have happened before. Mr. Dodd has, we think shown at last how the mystery is to be approached and what course it is necessary to pursue in order to pass from darkness to light. His work is the more important because he began it unwillingly, and he has reached a decision which was at first repellent to his sentiments. But, like an honest dealer, he has allowed himself to be convinced and converted by what he believes to be irresistible argument and irrefutable fact.

A LONG AND STRANGE HISTORY

Shakespeare students will remember (perhaps with a smile of derision) that twenty years or more ago Mrs. Gallup purported to decode a cipher, and that it not only revealed that the author of the immortal dramas was Francis Bacon but adduced the hitherto unsuspected fact that Bacon was the son of Queen Elizabeth by her secret and belated marriage with Leicester. Preposterous enough this seemed to be at the time, yet since that first announcement there has been slowly gathering a body of testimony which now is fairly solid and substantial. Mr. Dodd's volume comes as a stupendous reinforcement of this contention.

REARRANGING THE SECTIONS

Up to a few years ago Mr. Dodd was an ardent Stratfordian. But he made the Sonnets a special study, he had a wave of inspiration as to how they should be examined, and the result is that he is now a Baconian, and he traces in the Sonnets the intimate life-story of that much misunderstood genius. Mr. Dodd has particular qualifications for his task as a learned Mason, and much that is inexplicable to those who are not members of that craft is quite clear to the initiated, and it is Bacon the Rosicrucian and the Master-Mason whose devices are explained. The Sonnets were written at various times in the author's life, and secret messages were "enfolded" in them. Some of these messages were decidedly dangerous. So the long consecutive story was broken up, the Sonnets were disarranged, they became a distorting phantasmagoria and not a mirror reflecting the plain facts, and the first necessity was to place them in their proper sequence again, and then obtain an unbroken and a lucid narrative. That is the task Mr. Dodd has set himself, and the accomplishment is found in this little volume which probably will prove to be epoch-making.

THE COHERENT RESULT

A careful and well-informed introduction tells us the main facts of Bacon's formal biography with the additional facts which have been brought to light. These various items form, as it were, the chapter-headings to the various parts of the story yielded up by the Sonnets in their new arrangement. Roughly, there are about a dozen main sections. As explained by Mr. Dodd they refer to crucial events in Bacon's life—his discovery of his Tudor origin, his direct appeals to the Queen-mother for recognition, his youthful love for the famous Princess of Navarre, his travels, his literary labours and his ideals, his relationship with leading notabilities of his time, his failures and disillusion, his vicissitudes, his fall and disgrace, his self-vindication, and his mighty triumph as dramatist and poet, which was only to be made possible of realisation in after-times by posterity.

STARTLING INTERPRETATIONS

Mr. Dodd evinces a wonderful ingenuity in piecing together the fragments of the puzzle and forming from them a coherent whole. He finds inner meanings in words and phrases. He clarifies obscure allusions. He uses his knowledge of Masonry to show the significance of certain forms of speech. And, if he does not remove every doubt, he certainly leaves the careful and impartial reader of his book "almost persuaded"—which is as much as he dare expect at this juncture. For ourselves, we frankly avow we are deeply impressed, though with reasonable caution in so momentous a matter, we hesitate to declare ourselves finally and fixedly

(Continued on page 246)

THREE BROTHERS-IN-LAW

BY WM. A. VAUGHAN

FRANCIS BACON, John Selden and Sir John Vaughan were intimate friends, eminent Lawyers, prolific writers of scholarly works, all were members of Parliament, and both Bacon and Selden were imprisoned for political offences.

The achievements of these three Brothers-in-Law are worthy of study with the idea of research in connection with the Bacon-Shakespeare problems, because these three men knew of each other's literary activities, proved by historical remains of the 1616 period when Selden addressed to "*that Great Man*," Sir Francis Bacon, "a brief discourse touching the Office of Lord Chancellor of England, and Keeper of the Great Seal"; and, in return for this work of honour, Bacon wrote a testimony of his high respect for Selden's learning and judgement; also, in Bacon's Will, it is directed that Selden's advice should be taken concerning publishing, or suppressing, important manuscripts.

There is a letter, dated Feb. 19, 1621, showing that Bacon had consulted Selden by enquiring whether the judgement given in Parliament concerning Bacon's "Fall" was good in Law?

Selden replied, "I think that the judgement is rendered of no force because there is no record of it, only the notes taken of it by the Clerk;" whereby Bacon rested his hopes of return to employment and favour. Bacon again expressed his high esteem of Selden's legal abilities and knowledge of parliamentary law; yet, Bacon did not avail himself of the State Officer's irregularity, which Selden had proved. Consequently, Bacon was sent to the Tower, for a short while a prisoner, for reasons, as we know, relating intimately to the King, James I. Selden was appointed, by Parliamentary Vote, Keeper of the Records in the Tower, 8th Nov., 1643, and with privileges afforded by perusal of these important private documents, he was enabled to enrich his own stock of knowledge.

In support of Selden's connection with the Poets and Playwrights of his period, Dr. David Wilkins, Archdeacon of Suffolk, 1685, states that Selden was intimate with Drayton, Ben Jonson and George Browne, for whom Selden wrote commendatory verses in Greek and Latin, prefixed to Browne's, "*Britannia's Pastorals*," Selden being well versed in poetical works of antiquity. His connection with votaries of the Muse, in his own days, was such that Sir John Suckling in his ballad, "*The Sessions of the Poets*", as the choice of Laureate under the presidency of Apollo:—begins with, "There was Selden, and he sat close by the Chair."

John Selden and Sir John Vaughan were fellow law students of the Inner Temple. They were intimate friends and both were buried in the Round Church, Temple. Both had a profound interest in literature of the Elizabethan period; therefore, Shakespeare's "Plays and

Sonnets.' The esteem and high regard Selden had for Vaughan is faithfully expressed in Selden's dedication of his "Vindicæ Maris Clausi" to John Vaughan to whom also Selden dedicated his "Table Talk."

It was Francis Bacon who urged Vaughan to maintain his gown and accept a Judge's place, which was ultimately obtained when Sir John Vaughan became Chief Justice of Common Pleas, as shown by his full length portrait, wearing judge's robes, placed in the London Guildhall Picture Gallery. In Selden's will, Vaughan is nominated co-executor having special instructions, referring to Selden's voluminous MSS. and books, some of which were deposited at Oxford University, The Bodelian Library and the British Museum. By command of King James I, Selden wrote several special tracts which were published in 1619.

When Bacon was released from the Tower, King James granted a licence for Bacon to reside at Fulham, (Parsons Green), under the King's signature, 13th Sept., 1621, and at Fulham Bacon received his friends, among whom was Sir Thomas Bodley, who had taken an interest in Bacon's welfare when a young man, then travelling in France, and by letters it is shown that Bodley and Bacon were related and that Bodley and his friends contributed to Bacon's education in foreign travel.

The Chief Librarian of Fulham Borough informs me of letters passing between Sir Francis Bacon and Sir Thomas Bodley and besides these there are others in Lambeth Palace Library, and elsewhere; and in consideration of a former request published by the late Bertram Theobald, in "BACONIANA", urging Members to make search and notify the Society's Secretary of any "finds", I informed the Society's former Secretary, the late Henry Seymour, of the likelihood of any cryptic information in the private letters of the Three Brothers-in-Law, likely to give a clue to help in the discovery of the authorship of the "Plays."

Mr. Seymour visited the Rolls Office and there met an official assistant who was a Baconian, and in Seymour's letter to me, he said "there's something in this search and it's worth following up." We know Mr. Seymour was a cypher specialist, and he urged others, "capable of the job" to get on with it, *Who will help?*

TO OUR READERS: Apart from the many publications issued by the Society, of which a selection is advertised in our back covers, please note special bargains advertised in this issue on pages 237-8 and 241-2.

SHAKESPEARE'S LADIES:

PAULINA, IN *WINTER'S TALE*

BY NATALIA PARSONS

[The two articles we print were Papers read at the Francis Bacon Society's Discussion Group meeting in September, with the President, Mr. Sydney Woodward in the chair.—ED.]

THE "Shakespeare's Ladies" offers a varied gallery of portraits, ranging from the sweetness, innocence and youth of Miranda, to the concentrated evil of Lady Macbeth, comprising almost the full range of human emotion and personality.

But although the compass of types is very great, I must confess that to me personally, the Shakespearean women are not colourful, vital human beings in the same way as are the men. The women seem to be rather flat, in a way rather like two dimensional figures against the three dimensional men. There is, I believe, a theory that Shakespeare wrote them in this way because they had to be played by boys but I cannot believe this to be true. It is unthinkable that a dramatist of Shakespeare's stature would limit his portrayal of a character because of any possible lack in its presentation.

I should hazard a guess that it is more probable that the playwright knew and understood men better than he knew and understood women; so perhaps the Shakespearean ladies are symbolic. But it is the nature and value of symbolism that it can be interpreted at any level. We know that all the Shakespearean plays are symbolic and so are all the characters in them. It follows that the characters can be interpreted at any level with equal truth and fidelity and this is true of the literal human level as well as of the higher philosophic levels.

So, considering the women from this life level, I have chosen to speak of one who always stands out for me as essentially human, kind, true, loyal, courageous, impetuous, hot-tempered and outspoken. She is one of the most unselfish in the whole gallery of Shakespeare portraits in that she risked great danger for her love of a friend—without a shred of self-interest. I speak of Paulina in "The Winter's Tale."

The story of "The Winter's Tale" was derived from one of the most popular of Elizabethan novels—"Pandosto, the triumph of Time (or "Dorastus and Fawnia")" by Robert Greene, M.A., Cambridge.¹

The book first appeared in 1588 and ran to fourteen known editions. Shakespeare makes some changes in the story as portrayed in the book and owed his dénouement directly or indirectly to the Alcestis of Euripides. The Greek element in the list of names is striking and should be considered in connection with the closing scene of the Alcestis. But although the story and most of the characters are derived, Paulina, Autolycus and Antigonus are entirely Shakespearean.

Paulina's first entrance into the play is when she visits the prison after the birth of Queen Hermione's baby daughter. She loses no time in stating her purpose in no uncertain terms—she will take the baby to show to the King and be advocate for the Queen.

¹Greene was one of Bacon's earlier "Masks."

Paulina. These dangerous unsafe luns i' the king, beshrew them!
 He must be told on't, and he shall: the office
 Becomes a woman best; I'll take't upon me:
 If I prove honey-mouth'd, let my tongue blister,
 And never to my red-look'd anger be
 The trumpet any more. Pray you, Emilia,
 Commend my best obedience to the queen:
 If she dares trust me with her little babe,
 I'll show't the king and undertake to be
 Her advocate to the loud'st. We do not know
 How she may soften at the sight o' the child:
 The silence often of pure innocence
 Persuades when spaking fails.
 (Then Emilia answers, and says that she will acquaint the
 queen of Paulina's offer.)

Paulina. Tell her, Emilia,
 I'll use that tongue I have: If wit flow from't
 As boldness from my bosom, let't not be doubted
 I shall do good. (Act II, Sc. 2.)

And when the gaoler fears the danger he may incur by allowing Paulina to take the baby from the prison, she answers characteristically—"Do you not fear: upon mine honour, I will stand betwixt you and danger".

Then see her superb courage when she brings the child to Leontes' palace to present it to its father. Her bravery, as like a lioness, she defends her mistress and the baby against the brutality and cruelty of this jealous, tortured, maddened King. Her King, who has the power of life and death over her, and who, in his present furiously excited state is dangerously liable to exercise that power against anyone who is rash enough to gainsay him. She enters the room with the child, forcing herself past those who would stop her.

(Act II, Sc. 3.)

We see Paulina next when she tells Leontes of the supposed death of Hermione, and upbraids him for his cruelty and heartlessness. Then, her great compassionate heart is touched by the grief and repentance of the King, and she asks forgiveness for her rash and impetuous words.

Paulina. All faults I make, when I shall come to know them,
 I do repent. Alas! I show'd too much
 The rashness of a woman: he is touched
 To the noble heart. What's gone and what's past help
 Should be past grief: do not receive affliction
 At my petition; I beseech you, rather
 Let me be punish'd, that have minded you
 Of what you should forget. Now, good my liege,
 Sir, royal sir, forgive a foolish woman:
 The love I bore your queen, lo, fool again!
 I'll speak of her no more, nor of your children;
 I'll not remember you of my own lord,
 Who is lost too: take your patience to you,
 And I'll say nothing. (Act III, Sc. 3.)

And so we come to the final scene of the Play, when Paulina brings the King to the chapel of her house to see the statue. In the opening lines the King voices his friendship and gratitude to Paulina.

Leontes. O grave and good Paulina, the great comfort
 That I have had of thee.

Paulina. What, sovereign sir,
 I did not well, I meant well. All my services

You have paid home: but that you have vouchsafed
 With your crown'd brother and these your contracted
 Heirs of your kingdoms, my poor house to visit,
 It is a surplus of your grace, which never
 My life may last to answer. (Act V, Sc. 3.)

Then having restored Hermione to her rejoicing husband, and Perdita at last to her mother, Paulina says:

Paulina. Go together,
 You precious winners all; your exultation
 Partake to every one. I, an old turtle,
 Will wing me to some wither'd bough and there
 My mate, that's never to be found again,
 Lament till I am lost. (Act V, Sc. 3.)

But she does not, for as we know, she is given in marriage by the King to Camillo, and we hope that she has the happiness she so richly deserves—Admirable creature!

PORTIA:

BY A MEMBER OF THE DISCUSSION GROUP

BEFORE turning to the subject of the character of one particular heroine, it may be permissible to offer a few generalisations. If the Plays had been written by the Stratford actor, where did he have the opportunity of mixing freely with so many women of wit and refinement? As the latest conjectures hazard that he must have been a lawyer's clerk because of his wide knowledge of the Law, one anticipates a book proving that he must have been a jester in say, Lord Leicester's household, there observing the manners both of the 'ladies' and of the players. Or perhaps he held a position similar to that of Malvolio in some great mansion, for Stratford and the Globe Theatre could never have furnished such rich experience of life and manners.

One is struck by the generous instincts, the wisdom, the practical common-sense of these heroines more particularly those in the Comedies. Were all Tudor women of such robust character? And what loyal friends they are to those of their own sex to whom their friendship has been given. No Becky Sharps here. Rosalind faces dangers and difficulties to be with the banished Celia, Emilia is entirely devoted to Desdemona, even though natural instinct might have made her take the side of her husband; the Roman women in *Coriolanus* act as one, Cleopatra's attendants unhesitatingly die with her... It is true that *Hermia* and *Helena* are not in this category, but one feels that they are slight sketches introduced largely to give point to the pranks of mischievous Puck, and the line:—"Lord, what fools these mortals be."

Is there not a great deal of the "boyish" element in these heroines of the Comedies? People naturally ascribe this to the fact that the female characters were played by boys and so the author kept within a boy's compass. I doubt whether this is true. It is difficult for instance to imagine that *Portia's* speech to *Bassanio* could have been particularly moving when spoken by a boy, unless that boy were as great a genius as an actor, as was the author of the Plays as a writer:

"You see me Lord Bassanio, where I stand, such as I am, though
 "for myself alone, I would not be ambitious in my wish to wish
 "myself much better, yet for you, I would be trebled twenty times
 "myself, a thousand times more fair, ten thousand times more
 "rich, that, only to stand high in your account, I might in virtues,
 "beauties, livings, friends, exceed account etc.."

Surely there is another explanation. We believe that Francis Bacon established 'bases for posterity' in his own phrase. He who left his good name to foreign nations and to his own countrymen—"after some time be past"—must have seen into the future. I remember that Dr. Corona Trew in "The Influence of Francis Bacon on Modern Thought" stressed this very point, that he set the goal for the Ages that were to come, and if so, he must have known that women were destined to play a more open and public part in the world of the future. Love's Labour Lost may be cited as an example. In this connection it is interesting to see that one of the chapters in Esther Harding's book "The Way of All Women," emphasises this very fact of the real comradeship today between women which she considers exists now for the first time in history, owing to the removal of economic barriers, and the fact that woman does not have to be necessarily dependant upon father or husband. Ester Harding is a colleague of Dr. Jung and so must have had many opportunities of judging, yet it existed already in the plays of Shakespeare.

Then there is the interesting fact that where good women take a dominant part in a play things seem to go well and happily, and it is played in a major and not a minor key. If, on the other hand, a bad woman dominates the scene, as in Macbeth, the disaster is complete. Macbeth alone, one feels, would not have been so ruthless. Where the women are weak, as in the cases of Ophelia and Desdemona, for instance, things tend to go wrong. One feels that the writer of the comedies did not approve of sex-rivalry, but that his philosophical outlook could be summed up in his own phrase—"Jack shall have Jill, naught shall go ill, a man shall have his mare again, and all shall be well."

To turn from the general to the particular; consider Portia in "The Merchant of Venice". It is obvious that this play, like "The Tempest", is intended for those who can 'see' as an Initiation story. Here one is in full agreement with the conclusions reached by Miss Sennett and published in "BACONIANA."⁽¹⁾ It is also interesting to note that other minds working independently had also come to the same conclusion and this gives one an encouraging sense of the reality of our group cohesion. Portia can be taken to personify Love-Wisdom, symbolising the goddess of hidden truth. She has been left by her father rather as Wotan left Brunhilde.

The three caskets have an alchemical significance as well as a psychological one, and the many 'Jasons' are clearly the seekers after Wisdom:—

"Her sunny locks hang on her temples like a golden fleece".

"We are the Jasons, we have won the Fleece."

Many of the emblem pictures of the period portray the goddess of fortune with a forelock streaming in the wind:—

"Straight is the way, narrow is the path, and few there be that find it."

Peril ever attends the seeker after Wisdom and he must sell all he has to

(1) Jan. (New Year) 1950, p.p. 33 foll.

possess the pearl of great price. The two unsuccessful suitors judged by appearances, are not prepared to probe beneath the surface, and are sure that they are deserving of reward. The inner side of the quest is hinted at by the line:—

"For forward to the temple, after dinner your hazard shall be made."

This reminds one of Bacon's line "I have found thee in thy temples."

How witty is Portia—and what a philosophical mind has she:

"If to do were as easy as to know what were good to do, chapels had 'been churches, and poor men's cottages princes' palaces—'tis a 'good divine that follows his own instruction—I can easier teach 'twenty what were good to be done, than be one of the twenty 'to follow mine own teaching.'" "The brains may devise laws 'for the blood, but a hot temper leaps o'er a cold decree."

"How far that little candle throws his beams, so shines a good deed 'in a naughty world."

Again: "When the moon shone we did not see the candle. So doth 'the greater glory dim the less, a substitute shines brightly as a 'king until a King be by."

"The nightingale, if she should sing by day when every goose is 'cackling, would be thought no better a musician than the wren"—And so forth.

Her house is well-ordered. One cannot imagine that she would employ a steward like Malvolio, or if she were unfortunate enough to possess an uncle like Sir Toby, she would not have tolerated his manners or habits in her house; nor do I think she would have been best pleased with Maria's trick on Malvolio. Belmont is very different from Illyria.

Then how human she is. Though she will not tell Bassanio the secret, she is not above allowing him a strong hint in the song:—

"Oh, tell me where the fancy bred? Reply, reply, It is engendered 'in the eyes, by gazing fed, and fancy dies in the cradle where it 'lies. Let us all ring fancy's knell, I'll begin it, ding dong dell."

—In fact true love—"looks not with the eyes but with the mind." and Bassanio, whose mind is also a profoundly philosophical one, begins his soliloquy with the words "So may the outward shows be least themselves, the world is still deceived by ornament . . ." and here, one must add the significant parenthesis that the lawyer in the author must out, and the first comparison that comes to Bassanio's mind is—"in law what plea so tainted and corrupt, but being seasoned with a gracious 'voice obscures the show of evil."

The whole play shows the ethics of the old Testament contrasted against that of the New. It may well be that Bassanio can represent the soul, who in the Far Country, having spent all his substance, and having nothing of his own, seeks aid from another greater and wiser than he. We remember that Bacon himself was once in a debtor's prison and rescued by Anthony. Was the debt incurred to financing the publication of some book (as Dodd surmises) or was it perhaps, that he went surety for someone else?—one does not know.

This contrast reaches its climax in the Trial Scene but is implicit all through in the characters of Antonio and Shylock. Some of Shylock's speeches such as—"Hath not a Jew eyes, hath not a Jew ears, organs, 'dimensions, passions, senses, affection, fed with the same food, hurt 'with the same weapons . . . as a Christian is?"—would have struck an Elizabethan audience very differently from one in our time, and Portia's—"Ay but I fear you speak upon the rack where men enforced

"do speak anything" might well have had a dangerous political repercussions had Elizabeth known for certain who was the author. After Richard II she certainly had strong suspicions, if, as Dodd surmises "The Quality of Mercy", speech had a reference to Essex and was the Sonnet known to have been written by Bacon at that time, and given to the Queen.

In conclusion I quote what the Headmaster of Eton said at the British Association (an organisation which owes its origin to Francis Bacon's inspiration, through some of his later followers). He had recently been struck by the extraordinary educational brilliance of the Parables. The Parables of our Lord were superb pieces of educational technique. And he added significantly that:—

"it should be absolutely recognised that no child should leave school

"without having acted in a play of Shakespeare's, because then

"he would have been brought up against something great."

Where could we find a more moving historical story than the one unfolded in the Cipher and in Alfred Dodd's works. If the great Philosopher were proved also to have been a great poet and dramatist, the stories told in the Plays would be searched for their inner meaning, and not merely regarded as an entertainment. To teach by living models was Francis Bacon's plan, and he was wise enough to know that man learns best when the lesson is absorbed unconsciously.

"Truth will come to light....at the end, Truth will out."

P.S.

F.B.S. DISCUSSION GROUP

Programme for the Season

Tuesday, September 5th, 1950

6-30 p.m. Shakespeare's Ladies, by
The Ladies
(arranged by MRS. N. PARSONS)

Tuesday, October 3rd

6-30 p.m. A Few Words on the Bi-
Literal and Word Cyphers
By MR. A. P. GODFREY

Tuesday, November 7th

6-30 p.m. Shakespeare and The Bible
By Mr. LEWIS BIDDULPH

Tuesday, December 5th

6-30 p.m. The Advancement of Learn-
ing and its Application
To-day
By MRS. B. POGSON

Tuesday, January 2nd, 1951

6-30 p.m. Personal Signature Cyphers
By the Chairman, MR. SYDNEY
WOODWARD

Tuesday, February 6th

6-30 p.m. The Walls Hold Our Secrets
By MR. JOHN CLENNELL

DISCUSSION

There will be opportunity for questions and discussion after each lecture by those present.

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REPUDIATED BY THE WORLD

“A case much nearer to us is the poet called Shakespeare. Was the poet Bacon or not? Not Shakespeare I hold. The poet had a tragedy of kingly proportions in his life in the refusal of Society to accept him as a man of ruling. Looking at his plays with dispassionate gaze, we see the author revealed as a man of giant stature.

“All his life he seems to have been fascinated by rulership. The histories running through his works from beginning to end of his development are studies that he himself made into the problem of kingship—as much as to say ‘By these analyses of history I shall examine the weakness of ordinary kingship and then I shall be fit and they ready to receive me’. His plays throughout indicate as clearly as any biography could what the man was and how his early years were those of a genius in ungoverned ascent. First comes a period signalised by his tossing off dramatic effects like *Romeo and Juliet*—the exaltation of passionate youthful romantic love. But the poet is not yet himself, and this first period comes to an end with a play *The Merchant*, in which tragedy and comedy are equally balanced. The second period was marked by his own recognition of his power and the simultaneous discovery (if we for a moment accept the Baconian theory) that he was the son of Queen Elizabeth. Even if illegitimate, he had the hope that he might rule.

“Thus the dramas now centre round expectations of power. This period is perhaps the most important, because it reveals a man whose ambitions were touched, yet a man illuminated with godlike power. He is happy to look forward to ruling England and through her eventually to rule the world. But at the close of this period he comes to know that he is not to rule anyone but himself and that his incarnation was to be a form of crucifixion, that he might fulfil himself. This sorrow to know that he was of the royal blood but so circumstanced by his birth that he would never be acknowledged brings us to the third period.

“Now the plays are heart breaking—*Hamlet* and *King Lear*, dramas of unstable minds, the former sensitive and beautiful, the latter breaking down through passions. Rulers in both cases denied power. These indicate that he himself went through similar experiences. There is a crisis, with plays mad, obscene, wild. Then suddenly out of this tempest and turmoil he comes into the quiet waters of the last period, when he wrote plays like *Cymbeline* and, the final and last drama of this epoch *The Tempest*, which should really be called ‘The Tranquility’. Now he realises his own power as a master of the secrets of life and death. The events which I have described are his crucifixion, leading to attainment. His life is the story of a person who came into the world and was repudiated by the world.”

(Extract from *The Men Beyond Mankind*)



Rowe's representation of Shakspeare, which Col. Turner discusses with the Dugdale portrait and says that had they preserved this representation Bacon would long ago have come into his own.

CORRESPONDENCE

MYSTERY OF THE STRATFORD BUST

I am afraid I did not explain myself sufficiently in my letter in the Summer Number. It seems to be very important for people, who wish to get the right opinion of the Shakespeare mystery, to know what Shakespeare really looked like. People are influenced more by what they see, than by what they hear or read.

No. 1.

The only source for Shaksper's likeness is the Stratford Monument Bust, as it was. The representation of this in the Summer Number is made from the drawing, in the Preface of Rowe's Edition of The Folio, published in 1709 and copied in Jas. Bell's Shaksper 1756. A larger clearer copy is shown in Plate 19, p. 77 of 'Bacon is Shakespeare' by Sir Edwin Durning Lawrence. Rowe apparently employed Betterton the actor to bring this copy; and all details he could collect in Stratford on Avon of Shaksper's life. But neither the portrait, nor the life impress me with the idea that Shaksper was the great Shakespeare. Although

one would think this representation of Shaksper (prefacing the first account of Shaksper) would be seized on by Shaksperian writers, it is not even mentioned in the list of portraits of Shakespeare in the *Encyclopaedia Britannica*. They do mention and decry the Dugdale Warwickshire representation of the monument, but do not give a copy of it.

No. 2.

This (Dugdale's copy) is given on Plate V of Durning Lawrence's "Bacon is Shakespeare," p. 12, and is the copy Sir George Greenwood refers to as resembling Bacon, (and not the Rowe Copy published by Bell as stated on p. 175 of the Summer Number.)

No. 3. "Bacon" *Sylva Sylvarum*, Plate 1 *Lawrence Durning*

It is absolutely different to Rowe's Copy. If one compares it with the Bacon portrait on p. 72 of Sir George Greenwood's "The Shakespeare Problem Restated" one may justly come to the conclusion Sir George Greenwood comes to. Mrs. Stopes suggests this as the true Shakespeare. "But stay. Look for a monemt at the frontspiece to the *Sylva Sylvarum*, showing Francis Bacon, in 1626. Note those hollow cheeks, that short beard, that drooping moustache, that peculiar underlip, the fullness of the hair about the ears, and the high forehead which the hat fails utterly to conceal. Compare it, even with the row of buttons running down the centre in Dugdale's engraving. And the bust was executed by a London man! The stone carted from London! Good heavens! Ah, Corydon, Corydon, quae dementia cepit! Is it for Hanwell we are heading?"

No. 2 with No. 1.

Comparing Dugdale's representation with Rowe's one sees that the face is quite different, but the buttons are the same! And the buttons seem to show that the maker of the Monument when giving Shaksper's face (as represented by Rowe's drawing) also gave him Bacon's buttons. And that forty years later the draftsman for Dugdale's Warwickshire, altered Shaksper's face (as in Rowe's representation) for Bacon's.

Tourists looking on the present bust in the Church at Stratford on Avon may be excused if they go away with the impression that this monstrous face may represent the mighty author; but would they think so, if the Stratford authorities had preserved the Rowe representation, with the hands on a cushion, as they should have been done? Probably they knew (or ought to have known) that if they had preserved the Rowe Portrait, the Shakespeare mystery would have been solved long ago, and Bacon would have come into his own. Why was Shaksper's face put on the monument? Why was it not put on the Folio? Why was a face resembling Bacon's (The Droeshout Portrait) pasted on The Folio?

Why was Shaksper's Portrait altered to a face resembling Bacon's in Dugdale's Warwickshire?

Why did Rowe in bringing out his edition of The Folio, use the Stratford Monument Face, and not the Droeshout Mask?

No. 4.

And why are Ben Jonson's lines on the Monument and preceding the Droeshout Portrait so vague and enigmatical?

Those questions Baconians can answer. Can Stratfordians?

R. G. TURNER,
(Col. I.M.S. Ret.)

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FRANCIS BACON'S "SUIT"

One of the problems which has baffled all Biographers of Francis Bacon is what is known as Francis Bacon's "Suit," referred to by Mr. Comyns Beaumont in his article on p. 156 *et seq* of the Summer Number. What was this *Suit*? Spedding cannot suggest any explanation and the late W. T. Smedley who in his Book "*The Mystery of Francis Bacon*" devoted eight pages to the subject is in the same position. It will be found that this suit is the strongest possible confirmation of the fact that Francis was the son of Queen Elizabeth and Leicester.

Francis spent three years in France (all his expenses being paid by the Queen) and on his return home in July 1579 was sent to Grays Inn to study law. His letters show clearly that he hated the study of the Law but agreed to do so because he hoped to please the Queen, and to get her to openly acknowledge him as her son and heir. At the age of 19 he wrote a mysterious letter to Lady Burleigh, the wife of Lord Burleigh the Secretary of State, in which he asks her when visiting her husband "to vouchsafe the mention and recommendation of my suit." He does not say what his suit is, so the implication is that both Lady Burleigh and her husband knew to what Francis was referring, and that this was not a new proposal but something that must have been previously discussed with Lord Burleigh. Spedding seemed to think that it was an application for some post in connection with the Crown, but Francis was only 19 years of age when he wrote this letter and it is difficult to understand what qualifications he would have at that age for any important appointment. *The very same day* Francis wrote to Lord Burleigh himself, the first paragraph of this letter being as follows:—

"My singular good Lord,

My humble duty remembered, and my humble thanks presented for your lordship's favour and countenance, which it pleased your Lordship, *at my being with you*, to vouchsafe me above my Degree and Desert: Therefore my letter hath no further errand but to commend your Lordship THE REMEMBRANCE OF MY SUIT *which then I moved unto you*; whereof it also pleased your Lordship to give me good hearing, so far forth as to promise TO TENDER IT UNTO HER MAJESTY, and withal to add, in the behalf if it, that which I may better deliver by letter than by speech, which is,"

Here we are given to understand that Francis and Lord Burleigh had discussed the question of his suit previously because of the words "my being with you" and "which then I moved unto you," and Francis refers to Burleigh's promise to tender it unto Her Majesty. Bacon then writes "It must be confessed that the request is rare and unaccustomed" and "my case may not seem ordinary, no more than my suit." and "my hope to obtain it resteth only upon your Lordship's good affection toward me and *grace with Her Majesty*."

It is perfectly clear that this letter is not a request for any crown office which Burleigh could have granted him at any time, but that it was something much more important which concerned Queen Elizabeth herself as well as her ministers—in other words it was Francis Bacon's request to be recognised as the Queen's son. As the years passed this mysterious suit kept cropping up *over and over again* but without any result. In August 1685, nearly 5 years after his first letter to Burleigh, Francis wrote to Sir Francis Walsingham, principal Secretary to the Queen, saying "It may please your Honour to give me leave amidst your

great and diverse business to put you in *remembrance of my poor suit*. The very stay doth in this respect concern me because I am thereby hindered to take a course of practice which, by the leave of God, if Her Majesty like not my suit I must and will follow, not from any necessity of estate but for my credit's sake."

It is clear from this letter that Walsingham knew quite well what Francis meant by his suit and that it was something which could only be granted by Queen Elizabeth. Five years had passed since Francis wrote to Burleigh and his suit had apparently never been either rejected or approved but remained in a state of suspension. The nature and fate of this suit must be left to conjecture and no one seems able to explain this remarkable letter that Francis wrote to Walsingham.

Yours truly,

ELIZABETHAN STUDENT.

WILL SHAKSPER'S "RELICS"

Sir,

A great fuss has recently been made about the discovery of a Tinder Box in a receptacle at the side of the Fireplace at the Birthplace, but it is difficult to see that this is of any importance because the fireplace was not in existence in Shaksper's lifetime, as according to the late Sir Sidney Lee—"the only portions now remaining of the original site of what is now known as 'The Birthplace' are the cellars:" and the house which formerly stood on this site was neither owned or occupied by Shaksper's father until eleven years after Shaksper was born.

It would be interesting to know what has become of the relics of Shaksper which were formerly exhibited as his personal belongings, such as, a carved oak chest, part of a carved bedstead, an iron deed box, a sword, a lantern, one of Mrs. Shaksper's shoes and a drinking glass. Mr. Joseph Skipsey, a former custodian of the Birthplace, resigned his post because he stated that "the relics stank in his nostrils." Mr. R. B. Wheler, the Stratford Historian and author of the local guide book in 1827, denounced those relics without exception as being "scandalous impositions" and stated that "It is well known that there does not exist a single article that ever belonged to Shaksper." But in spite of this, Shaksper's Desk is still exhibited, although there is not a scrap of evidence that he ever went to the local grammar school or received any education whatsoever, and there is no evidence that he could either read or write. Stratford is now so commercialised that it is suprising that it has not started again the manufacture of articles carved from Shaksper's famous Mulberry Tree. The amount of timber used in the past for this purpose was sufficient to have built a dozen houses and no doubt thousands of American homes possess something which they were told was carved from the wood of the original tree.

Yours faithfully,

BIRMINGHAM MEMBER.

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BEN JOHNSON AND THE ROSICRUCIANS

Ben Jonson's Masques are seldom read or reprinted. They are rather dull, as most masques are to present-day ears and taste. The chief interest in those of Ben Jonson lies in his ridicule of the foibles and fashions of the time. Among these he included the Rosicrucians. He associates them with gullery and hocus-pocus.

This is the more strange because if Bacon was, as some have concluded the head of the movement in England, Ben Jonson should have been aware of this and have respected the brotherhood, even if he did not himself belong to it. When the two masques to which I now refer were written, he was assisting Bacon in literary work and translation into Latin.

In 1621, *News from the New World discovered in the Moon* was presented at Court. In it occurs a section in which two Heralds, a Printer and others argue about life on the lunar sphere—only, of course, in jest:

1 *Herald*. The brethren of the Rosy-Cross have their college within a mile of the moon; a castle i' the air that runs upon wheels with a winged lanthorn.

Printer. I ha' seen it in print.

2 *Herald*. All the fantastical creatures you can think of are there.

The masque of *The Fortunate Isles* was performed at Court on Twelfth Night, 1624. Its main theme is ridicule of "the brethren of the Rosy-Cross." "Merefool" (significant name!) has taken his vows, but complains to "Johphiel" (a winged messenger from the Rosicrucian "Father Outis, who "lives in the sphere of Jupiter," and whose name signifies "nothing"), that he has received no mystic information, and he considers himself a "deserted votary." Father Outis is said to be:

The good old hermit that was said to dwell
Here in the forest without trees, that built
The castle i' the air where all the brethren
Rhodostaurotic live.

Johphiel pretends that he is sent to earth to carry Merefool to this "castle in the air" where the Rosicrucians live, assuring him that the brethren have heard his vows. Merefool is promised the office of "Principal Secretary of the Stars!" So the masque continues, leaving no doubt in the minds of his auditors, and readers, that in Ben Jonson's opinion, Rosicrucianism was so much "moonshine."

Had he taken the vows and joined the order, would he have ridiculed the fraternity, even if he had found the tenets and mysteries absurd? Would he not have been more cautious at Court lest some of the brethren (if fact and not mythical) happened to be present?

Burton, in the address "Democritus to the Reader" prefixed to *The Anatomy of Melancholy* (1628), questions the existence of the Rosicrucians, "if indeed there be any such."

There must have been much speculation and discussion about the unseen fraternity at the period 1620—1628, otherwise the allusions by Ben Jonson would have been pointless, and would have fallen completely flat.

Some members of The Francis Bacon Society have devoted much thought to Bacon's supposed connection with the Rosicrucians, and their views as to Ben Jonson's references would be very interesting. For my part, I hold an open mind.

R. L. EAGLE.

BACON'S DEATH

In his article entitled "The Mystery of the Death of Francis Bacon," Mr. Edward D. Johnson alludes to a letter at Lambeth Palace Library which, he says, was written to Francis Bacon in 1631 and headed "T. Meautys to Lord St. Alban." It is, as Mr. Johnson points out, dated 11th October, but the year is not given. It is only by the events referred to in that letter, that the year can be fixed as 1631. He asks, "If Bacon died in 1626, how could Meautys write a letter telling to him of events that happened five years afterwards?"

Now the first question is, was the letter written to Bacon? It is a significant fact that the letter is not addressed to anyone by name, nor does Bacon's name appear upon it. It does not bear the heading as stated by Mr. Johnson. The heading was given to it by Montagu* and, unfortunately, this description has been entered in consequence in the catalogue at Lambeth. But what if Montagu made a mistake? and, after all, such an oversight is not very extraordinary for the contents were not verified with events which happened prior to 1626. Had Montague been more cautious he would not have jumped to the conclusion that the letter was written to Francis Bacon.

Those who wish to examine this letter will find it among the Gibson collection in the Lambeth Palace Library. It is subscribed with the initials "T.M." (MS. Gibson, 936, fol. 252).

Before 1631, Lady Bacon married her gentleman usher. If Francis Bacon was still alive she committed bigamy. Personally, I find it easier to believe that the letter has been erroneously described as having been addressed to Bacon, than that Bacon was living in 1631.

PROSPERO.

*Life and Works of Bacon (1830). The Librarian at Lambeth informs me that the Catalogue is to be corrected.

SHAKESPEARE AND THE FRENCH CHRONICLES

A contributor to *Notes and Queries* (4th March, 1950) calls attention to the lines from *Henry V* (IV, 3):

For he today that sheds his blood with me
Shall be my brother; be he ne'er so vile,
This day shall gentle his condition.

By a Writ in 1417, Henry V exempted those who had fought at Agincourt from the restraint upon assumption of Coats of Arms thereby imposed. For the rest of his life Henry always showed particular favour to those who fought at Agincourt, and did, indeed, make them of "gentle" rank.

There is nothing about this in the English chronicles. The story is told in Jean Juvenal des Ursins (*Histoire de Charles VI, Roy de France*), 1572. No mention of the story is known in English until the publication of *The Theatre of Honour and Knighthood* by Andrew Favine. This translation was printed by Wm. Jaggard in 1623. Favine's original work was published in France in 1620.

It has often been pointed out how Shakespeare used the untranslated *Chronicles of Monstrelet* in *Love's Labour's Lost*. That he was also familiar with Ursins' *Chronicle* of 1572 is further proof that he studied French literature in the originals.

"SHAKSPERE"—THE REAL NAME OF THE STRATFORDIAN

(The following letter appeared in *The Daily Telegraph*, May 2, 1950.)

Sir.—The doubt expressed by Mr. J. Shellard as to the correct original spelling of Shakespeare's name, as shown in the five signatures

in the will and deeds, may be resolved by referring to the indexes of Stratford and Rowington registers, which I prepared for the Parish Register Society in 1897-1899.

The evidence clearly points to the form "*Shakspere*," which appears in every reference from 1588-1615, to the poet, his parents, brothers and sisters, his own children's baptisms, and the marriage of Judith and his kinsman John, junior. Two slight variations ("per" and "peer") alone occur in 1573 and 1583.

The short vowel occurs in them all during the 16th century, as it does in the "x" forms ("*Shaxpear*," "*Shaxpere*"), which commence in 1607. The present form, with its long vowel, appears in Rowington in 1619, but in the marriage registers at Stratford not until 1733.

Yours faithfully, SIDNEY J. MADGE.

Purley.

[This authoritative statement should settle the question of Shakspeare of Stratford, once and for all. The name, hyphenated, as first used by Bacon, as Baconians are aware, was related to the spear of Pallas Athene, his patron goddess, who represented wisdom and knowledge.—ED.]

FRANCIS BACON AND TRITHEMIUS—Continued from page 205

page of the *Cryptography* is a true one. "The book is dated 1624 so as to make some definitive people believe that it had been written before the author's demise", he remarks: and Baconians are well aware how Francis tampered with publishing dates to serve his purpose nor is it unlikely that he did so here. In the year 1624, preceding and following there is no record that Viscount St. Albans left the shores of England, for in such case there should have been a record. According to Alfred Dodd he was living almost all that time at Gorhambury. Thus we come to the latter part of his known existence. Did he die at the supposed date in April 1626? There is considerable and accumulating evidence that such was not the case. Even his wife's—Alice Barnham—second marriage, according to Dodd was a deliberate blind, and she never lived with her husband. She died soon after, and Bacon wrote one of his Sonnets, the last to her memory after she had passed to a higher world.

This extraordinary romance requires more space than can be accorded to it in this issue and prevents our reprinting Mr. Edward Johnson's interesting summary which appeared in our Spring issue, of the circumstances surrounding Bacon's alleged death, but hope to arrange in the following number of *BACONIANA* a full analysis of all known traces of him later. It is of interest to note that Mr. Johnson mentions Bacon's reference to the Duke Julius of Brunswick, the grandfather of Augustus, whose mistress staged a pretended death but escaped in the guise of a peasant, her coffin being found empty years later. It is a curious coincidence. Bacon probably knew the grand-ducal family from the time when he was about twenty.

(Continued from page 246)

With a terminal coruscation against all "ingenious men" who spend their "harmless lives" "finding cryptograms" where (in his serenely confident opinion) "there are none,"—or "smelling out state secrets" in the Plays,—Dr. Dawson's disastrous cockle-shell dreadnought dissipates itself "in the inane." But since asseveration is no organ of debate I leave the mournful memory of this *felo de se* to such as like to mumble over graves.

PHILIP HUMPHREYS.

THE SONNET-DIARY MYSTERY

(Continued from page 225)

convinced. But things are made to fit into the scheme with cunning skill. There are interpretations of some of the Sonnets such as we have never met with before. At the same time there is no undue straining, there is no dabbling in the occult, there is no recourse to blind faith. Mr. Dodd proceeds with almost mathematical exactness to prove his case, depending not upon any juggling ingenuity but upon as hard a logic as he can fashion.

A NEW EPOCH

We cannot, of course, go into minute detail here—there are a hundred and fifty Sonnets to analyse—and it must suffice to say that Mr. Dodd accounts for each one with particularity and puts it into the place which he believes the poet first assigned it. If we had no other cause for thankfulness to Mr. Dodd there would still be the fact that he disposes of the foul theories of others which ascribe to the author base sexuality, a horrible relationship with the Earl of Pembroke, and a shameless guilt with a Court lady. But now, from Mr. Dodd's analysis, there emerges a genius of noble aspiration and lofty deeds though of darkened and unhappy life, and whatever his personal identification may be we feel gladdened by the thought that the man who wrote the exquisite verse, which was to outlast time, was pure of heart and honourable in mind. That was something worth achieving. For the rest we must await the worst that destructive critics may say, and then see if they can be refuted and this remarkable case be firmly established and the truth of the Sonnets once and for all be recognised.

We commend Mr. Dodd's volume to the earnest attention of all scholars. Much should be heard of it hereafter.

J. CUMING WALTERS